

Notes
CSB

NOTES ON THE HISTORY OF THE
CONGREGATION OF PRIESTS OF
SAINT BASIL — COLLECTED BY
ROBERT JOSEPH SCOLLARD, CSB

4 1



1911-1967

SERMONS & ADDRESSES

1911 - 1967

that relate

Basilian History



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Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord. Henceforth, says the Spirit, let them rest from labor for their works follow them. (Lesson of the Daily Mass for the Dead)

Your Grace; Your Excellency; Reverend Fathers and Sisters; Friends and Relatives of Father Forestell:

On Sunday, the feast of the Good Shepherd and Vocation Sunday, I learned about the death of Father Daniel Forestell as I was preparing to offer Mass and to preach on vocations in the University of Alberta. I thought, what a fitting day for the death of Father Dan who was so dedicated to the apostolate of priestly vocations and to the imitation of the life and work of the Good Shepherd as pastor of parishes and pro-

fessor in classroom and in my instruction on vocations I tried to outline Father Forestell's method of presenting the topic to countless students for half a century. His method is outlined in the Gospel where St. John points out Christ, the Lamb of God, to two young Jews who became the first two apostles of Christ. How often he would stress to youth, "They spent the whole day with Him (Christ)".

Father Forestell reminded young men, that amidst all the enchanting voices soliciting their services, there is one Voice which repeats, "Come, Follow Me", and if young men listened to this first invitation they will hear Our Lord say: "I am the light of the world. He who

follows Me, wanders not in darkness but has the Light of Life"; and then more clearly, "If you follow Me, I will make you fishers of men."

Father Forestell did not present a false picture. He reminded his listeners that this vocation was for young men who had no fear of great things, who feared only mediocrity and sin. He urged youth to make something out of their lives, to consider there is one best gift, the pearl of great price. Among all the gifts that God gives to youth, there is one Best Gift — The Call is God's secret — but he repeated to countless youth: "Let no meanness of spirit, no laziness, nor cowardice, nor impurity deprive your youthful soul of the grace of vocation

which can make you strong in God's service.

He reminded young men that what compels a man to become a priest is not a desire for a quiet life, nor honors, nor frustrations, but it is the genuine motive to follow Christ, renouncing self, accepting the Cross. He often stressed that the aspirant must leave self out of the picture and choose an austere life — striving unremittingly to be Christlike — refusing to listen to voices craving for pleasure or self satisfaction.

Father Forestell had deep understanding of the fact that the work of Redemption will not be carried out without the

ministry of the priesthood. How often he repeated to youth that, "The message of salvation reaches a city only when the priesthood of Christ comes there." He said, "The Lord has willed to make the spreading of the Gospel depend on the number and zeal of gospel laborers." That is why service of the Gospel is of tremendous importance.

Where did Father Daniel Forestell acquire this deep respect for the dignity of the Priesthood and the office of Priesthood? I venture to say, that next to his parents, he caught this insight from the life and work of his pastor in Campbellford, Father Whibbs. When I first knew him during the novitiate year, he talked frequently of Father Whibbs.

He pronounced his name with reverence. He recalled his zeal, his piety, his instruction in the pulpit and in the classroom. I may say that Father Whibbs made an indelible impression on him. I am sure that throughout his life he was striving to be a priest like Father Whibbs. One evidence of Father Whibb's influence on Father Forestell was his love for lives of saints. He was a student and a reader, and so frequently he quoted the wise sayings of the saints. Through this habit of reading he acquired a real taste for heavenly doctrine and he shared his knowledge generously with his confreres.

During the years 1914-1915, Father Forestell was under the direction of Father

Nicholas Roche, Master of Novices for the Basilian Fathers, and I venture to state that Father Roche was a second great influence in his life. I often heard him say that he learned from Father Nick Roche the lesson of obedience and the necessity of praying for perseverance in one's vocation. Father Roache repeated so frequently: "The obedient man shall speak of victory — obedience is not a burden, it is a privilege to serve God's children — obedience does not enslave, it matures one's personality — obedience is a source of grace — Our Divine Leader was obedient even unto death." And Father Roche stressed the need of prayer for perseverance in one's vocation. He

used to say that a vocation hangs by a slender thread which is easily broken. Hence the need for prayer to St. Joseph, to one's patron saint and guardian angel, and to Our Blessed Mother for perseverance in our vocation.

Father Forestell was full of gratitude for his vocation. He could never thank Father Whibbs enough for his example and encouragement. In fact Father Forestell grieved at the ingratitude of so many parishioners who were not thanking God for their good pastor. Gratitude was truly a highly developed virtue in his life. How grateful he was for his membership in the Basilian Fathers. He deeply understood that community life is more than a group of men living to-

gether — it must be a growth in oneness and he daily contributed to that unity. Many remarked on his interest in the younger members, his generosity in giving extra instructions, his zeal for the growth of the Community, his joy at its achievements and his sorrow over its failures. But, he was always a man of hope. He shared his hope with all who came to know him. He realized that Faith is the basis of our hope and that God answers our prayers in His own best way and can draw good out of failures.

As I said, Father Daniel Forestell was at heart a pastor. The scripture readings chosen for the feast of the Good Shepherd gave him a guide line for action and the example of Father M.V. Kelly

gave him daily impetus. As a pastor he imitated Father Kelly in his goals and objectives. Father Michael Vincent Kelly was the third priest who inspired Father Forestell. Father Kelly's conversation apostolate truly challenged Father Dan. Father Kelly baptized almost 1000 adult converts in his lifetime and Father Forestell's converts approximate that number. Like Father Kelly, he was intent on reclaiming Catholics who had slipped away. Like Father Kelly who was a great catechist, Father Dan was a dedicated teacher of religion to children and this task was no burden but a refreshment. He was truly the Good Shepherd. His life as pastor was truly an energetic life, in classroom and parish without distinction.

Finally, in addition to his apostolate of vocations and conversions, I wish to refer to his apostolate of suffering.

Each morning as he vested, he said, "May I deserve, O Lord to carry the maniple of tears and suffering that with joy I may receive the reward of my labors." Father Forestell had many and prologned sufferings. As a youth, after completing high school, he was confined to bed for several months during which time he acquired a taste for reading. During his priestly life he had many bouts of serious illness, only to begin again during his period of convalescence the work of instructing converts. For him, the time of sickness was a time of grace — it provided him another opportunity to be like the Good

Shepherd Who gave His life for His flock and he used to recall the works of Our Lord.

He used to recall the words of Our Lord to St. Teresa, "Your patience during suffering converted more souls than all the missionaries of her time." Again he loved to quote St. Francis de Sales who said the angels envy humans for two reasons: a) because Christ suffered for man's salvation; b) men had the privilege of offering their suffering to God for the salvation of souls. Again he recalled the saying of St. Paul, "I abound with joy in all my sufferings." Now Father Forestell's ministry was truly a fruitful one and who can doubt that the secret of this fruitfulness

was his spirit of obedience and suffering in imitation of Christ.

I cannot pass over his work of mercy as pastor and teacher. He had the prestly beatitude of mercy and, as a result, his confessional was visited by thousands of penitents who profited by his merciful pardon and received a new spirit of hope and courage.

And now we have reviewed the works which go before him — as the night has come upon him when no man can work. We have recalled his love for the priesthood, his gratitude for sharing in its dignity, his magnanimous spirit in fulfilling his apostolate — of pastorship and vocations and suffering. May we

be privileged to close this discourse with fervent prayers for his immortal soul:

"O God, Who by raising Daniel to the dignity of the priesthood and giving him a share in the priesthood of the apostles, grant that he may be joined in fellowship with them forevermore. Through Jesus Christ Our Lord."

(Sermon preached by Father Basil F. Sullivan at the funeral of Father Daniel Forestell in St. Basil's Church, Toronto, Tuesday, April 26, 1966. Transcribed from the preacher's manuscript)

Your Excellencies, etc.

On January 17, 1919, John O'Loane, a young man of twenty-two years of age, who had obtained his degree from the University of Toronto, and had spent some time in the Royal Canadian Air Force presented himself at ~~Saint~~ Basil's Novitiate in Toronto. After a period of postulancy, he appeared one morning before the Superior, and the following dialogue took place.

The Superior asks, "What do you wish?"

The Postulant answers, "I ask for the love of God that I may be admitted to this Novitiate in order that I might serve God more faithfully."

"Could it be for some other reason or impulse that you are making this request?"

"By no means, Reverend Fathers. Stimulated, perhaps, by God's grace, and after mature deliberation, and of my own free

will, I feel that I am destined by Divine Providence to become a member of this Congregation.

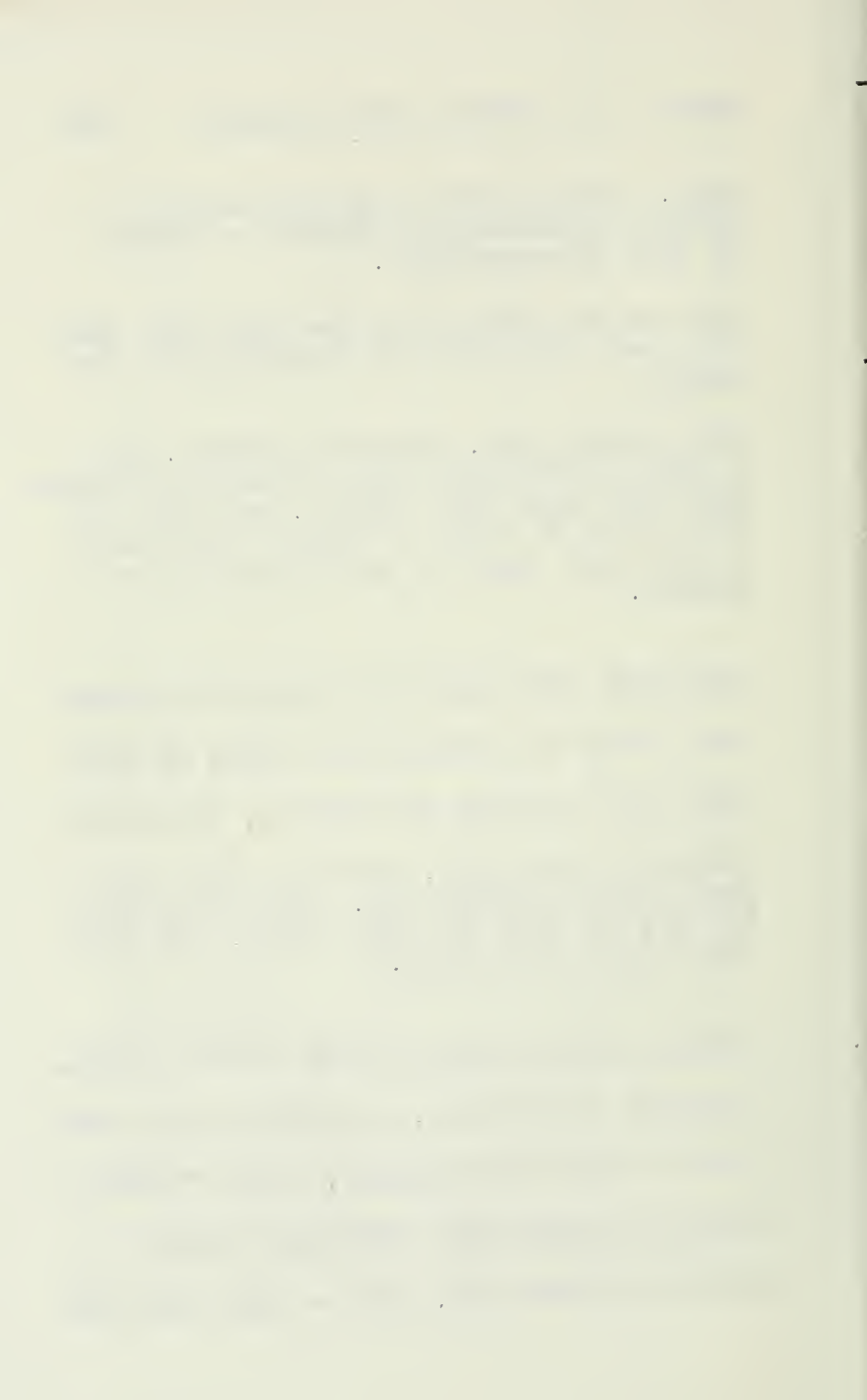
"Do you not know that you may well work out your salvation by remaining in the world?

"I realize that, Reverend Father, and I fully appreciate the position of those who have made that choice, but this is the state of life to which I feel that I have been called, and which I now choose."

Whereupon the Superior handed the young man a copy of our rule of life, or the rule for the life of Novices, and said:

"Receive this rule, which we give you that you may follow it. If you do follow it, it will be your guide, and God will bless your life."

Several years later, after mature study, personal experience, and filled with the love of God and neighbor, John O'Loane freely accepted the challenge which Christ offered him, and — with the aid



of the three vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience — consecrated his life forever to the service of God and neighbor. And on that occasion Father O'Loane began the first stage of his life work.

On June 30th, 1923, John O'Loane embarked on the second and most important part of his career — of his life. It was his ordination to the priesthood. We see him standing before the beloved Bishop Alexander Macdonald, and saying like the young Samuel, "Here I am, O Lord." We see him, alone, lying on his stomach prostrate in a perfect act of abnegation before God and his confreres. Around him stand a group of priests and the ordaining prelate who raise their hands

to show that he is worthy to be a priest, to be a presbyter — an old man in the knowledge of God and His Councils.

Imagine his thoughts — this chaste young man — as the choir intones the great litany and calls down as witnesses to this tremendous act the Most Holy Trinity, the Saints, the Martyrs, Virgins, Confessors, Widows — asking them to listen to their prayers and to inter-with God to bless this levite.

Father O'Loane was ordained a priest. We call it the dignity of the priesthood, as the Bishop says, but there is also the burden of the priesthood. The Bishop cannot do his task by himself; he needs trained collaborators. Listen to this wonderful prayer that an ordain-

ing Bishop says:

"We beseech You, O Lord, give us help in our infirmity. We beg You, Almighty Father, to bestow on these your servants the dignity of the priesthood. Renew in their hearts the spirit of holiness. Help them to hold the office next to ours in importance which they have received from you, O Lord, and by their example to inspire others to strive for perfection. May they become zealous fellow workers in our ministry. May they shine in all the Christian virtues, so that they will be able to give a good account of the stewardship entrusted to them, and finally attain the reward of everlasting life."

Christ the Comforter however is by their side. They hear these words, "Receive the yoke of the Lord...His yoke is sweet and His burden light."

This is the priesthood with its obligations and its grandeur. A new phalanx of levites, ever renewed, will pursue the work of redemption, and it will be ever thus until the end of time. Despite

everything, despite the improbability, the mystery of faith continues. The imposition of hands, proclaimed efficacious by the authority of the Church alone is sufficient. Henceforth the course of the sacred history of the people of God is fixed. The Ritual reads:

"We give this anointing and this blessing in order that whatever they may consecrate will be consecrated and sanctified."

The Bishop says:

"May your spiritual doctrine bring health to the people of God; may the repute of your life delight the Church, and may your conduct be the instrument for the social reform of the Christian people, and may holiness in all its forms shine forth in your lives."

And so it did in the life of FATHER
O'LOANE.

How well he succeeded as a Basilian priest is seen in the almost unprecedented record he had in administration. For almost thirty-three years, Father O'Loane was a superior — an office that he surely would not, by nature, desire. It was no mere accident — nor expediency — that his talents for this work were seen in such diversified offices as Principal of schools and colleges, Master of Novices, Superior of our Major Seminary, and member of the General Council. In all these posts, he evidenced great charity toward his subjects, as well as the assurance and equanimity of those who have arrived in the school of religious life. Never a temporizer, he gave his subjects

an excellent example of what a religious priest should be, and he demanded the same. He was never tolerant of mediocrity in any field, and certainly not in himself.

Not so long ago, when he was no longer "in office", as we say, he returned to St. Michael's College School to do whatever work was assigned to him by his Superior. It is only the very great who can become truly humble. It is a wonderful tribute to say that a man who almost always ruled, could return to ranks with joy, contentment, and enthusiasm. But Father O'Loane was a dedicated religious — a dedicated priest. His last active day found him ready to fulfill his assignment, but he

suddenly became incapacitated, and perhaps never knew that he did not accomplish what he was told to do.

In our community prayers we have one which begins with the words, "Let us praise our great men in their time." Can contemporary history show us a more remarkable priest? Surely he was a witness of the transcendence of the love of Christ for mankind.

One month ago, one of the confreres and I went to see him. His face lighted up, but he was unable to speak. He waved his arms frantically in an effort to make himself understood. I wondered as he looked at his poor arm if there came to his mind the thousands of times he said this prayer as he put on the manipule:

"May I be worthy to wear this maniple of tears and pain so that I may receive, with joy, the reward of this labor."

On his bed of pain, he must have recalled the pilgrimage he made as the Superior of Assumption College to Rome to present to the Holy Father on behalf of the College and of Assumption Parish a special testimonial on the occasion of the definition of the dogma of the Assumption.

As we take leave of our dear confrere, we must not forget the great sorrow of his sister, Helen. It would be almost impossible to assess her grief. Only God would know that. However, since she belongs to the Basilian family, we do share her sorrow in a very special manner. We will pray God to give her that consolation which surpasses all human expression.

I have been looking for a passage which might express in some manner Father O'Loane's simplicity, his innocence, and his holiness. Can you hear him reading these words and being completely in accord with their meaning?

"I will wash my hands among the innocent and encompass Thy altar, O Lord; that I may hear the voice of Thy praise, and tell of Thy wondrous works.

"I have loved, O Lord, the beauty of Thy house and the place where Thy glory dwelleth.

"Take not away my soul, O God, with the wicked, nor my life with the men of blood.

"In whose hands are iniquities; their right hand is filled with gifts.

"But as for me, I have walked in my innocence; redeem me and have mercy on me.

"My foot hath stood in the direct way; in the churches I will bless Thee, O Lord."

O worthy Doctor, Blessed Basil, light
of Holy Church, lover of divine law,
pray to the Son of God for Father
O'Loane. And be mindful of this Con-
gregation which you have possessed
from the beginning.

(Sermon preached by Father E. Leonard
Rush at the funeral of Father John
O'Loane in Holy Rosary Church, Toronto,
May 25, 1966. Transcribed from the
dittoed copy circulated by St. Michael's
College School, copy in the General
Archives of the Basilian Fathers)

Gospel of the Mass, S. Jean, 5, 25-29.

Il y a une phrase dans l'Evangile que nous venons d'entendre, mes frères, qui revient deux fois: "entendre la voix du Fils de Dieu." Il me semble que cette phrase résume admirablement la vie d'un chrétien, et que cette phrase est capable de nous inspirer les vrais sentiments chrétiens à cette occasion qui marque une étape décisive dans la vie d'un bienaimé des nôtres.

C'est bien la voix du Fils de Dieu qui appelle l'homme à la vie; c'est sa voix encore qui l'appelle au baptême et à la vie chrétienne. C'est toujours cette même voix qui appelle aux sacrements, surtout à celui de l'Eucharistie, où le

chrétien et le Christ ne font qu'un.
Le Fils de Dieu appelle certains à son sacerdoce, pour que sa doctrine et sa vie soit communiquées à ses frères. Et finalement, il appelle l'âme chrétienne, qui a écouté et qui a suivi la voix du Christ, à échanger cette lourde vie sur la terre, contre une vie au ciel avec lui, vie toute splendide et radieuse, qui ne connaît ni deuil ni larme ni aucune souffrance.

C'est pour cela que notre liturgie de ce soir revêt un certain caractère pascal. Nous célébrons une résurrection à une nouvelle vie. Nous renouvelons une fois de plus la passion, la mort, et la résurrection du Seigneur, qui est à la fois le modèle et la source

de toute vie chrétienne. La mort chrétienne n'est jamais le point final; elle est simplement le passage à la résurrection.

Dans un esprit d'espérance chrétienne très profonde, donc, supplions Dieu, d'abord, avec toute l'Eglise, pour qu'il pardonne à notre cher père et frère ses péchés, et qu'il écarte tout obstacle à cette résurrection à la vie éternelle. Remercions Dieu, pour toutes les riches grâces qu'il a accordées à ce chrétien, pour toute l'oeuvre merveilleuse réalisée en lui, chrétien et prêtre. Louons Dieu, parce que notre frère a combattu le bon combat, a accompli sa tâche, est resté fidèle, et est allé recevoir la récompense promise par le Christ.

Nous sommes dans la peine parce que nous avons perdu un père, un frère, un ami qui nous est très cher. Mais c'est une peine toute illuminée de joie et d'espérance; car il a entendu la voix du Fils de Dieu, et maintenant, dans la compagnie des bienheureux, il nous attend.

(Homily preached at the Funeral Mass of Father Charles Roume by Father P.W. Platt, May 27th, 1966, in the Chapel of Institution Secondaire du Sacré-Coeur, Annonay, at 4:00 p.m. Transcribed from a copy sent by the preacher which has been deposited in the General Archives of the Basilian Fathers)

Meditation on death and eternal life based on the sentence from the Preface of the Funeral Mass: "For your faithful people, when the dwelling which was theirs on earth has fallen to dust, an eternal home stands ready for them in heaven."

If we were to ask the colleagues and students of Father McCann at the University of Windsor where he was head of the Department of Theology, they would have no hesitation in saying: "Surely he belongs to the faithful people of God, one of God's vessels of election."

If we asked the people in the various parishes where he preached and ministered, and in the many religious houses where he served as chaplain or gave spiritual conferences, they would answer with one

accord: "A great priest of God — a zealous exponent of his word and a valiant defender of His rights."

If we asked the staff and students of St. Basil's Seminary where he spent the greater part of his priestly life, they would give a unanimous reply: "A shining witness to Christ by word and example; a worthy son of St. Basil — destroyer of error and strong champion of right."

Finally if we were to ask the religious superiors who have had the good fortune to have him on their staffs during the past thirty-eight years, I am sure they would all agree with me when I say: "He was a good holy religious." And those few short words can bespeak volumes.

Last year when Father McCann was hospitalized for many weeks, he spent much time reading and re-reading the psalms. He told me that he had developed a great spiritual kinship with their author, David. It seemed to him that David in his tribulations gave eloquent expression to the feelings of his own heart — many of the psalms became so relevant, so applicable to his own situation. For us who knew Father McCann best there is a passage in the very first of those psalms that is easily applicable to him, a passage that fairly summarizes his life:

Happy the man who delights in the law of the Lord and meditates on his law day and night; he is like a tree planted near running water, that yields its fruit in due season and whose leaves never fade.

It sometimes happens that a man, when faced with death, says something that typifies his whole life and reveals his true character. When the doctors at the hospital were slow in giving Father McCann the results of their diagnosis, he said to one of his confreres: "Why don't they give me a full report? I am not afraid of the truth; I am ready to accept the Will of God." That was typical of the man — a fearless follower of truth wherever it may lead, because ultimately it will lead to the God of truth.

There are many lessons that we can learn from the life and death of Father McCann, but there is one, it seems to me, that is most manifest, and it is this —

that it is not such a dreadful thing to die if you have lived for God. May his memory, like the leaves of the tree planted near running water, never fade among us.

Then a request for prayers for the repose of his soul.

(Notes for the sermon preached by Father Ernest J. Lajeunesse at the funeral of Father Leonard McCann in Assumption Church, Windsor, on Wednesday, August 24, 1966. Transcribed from the preacher's manuscript)

Address at the Thirtieth Anniversary
Dinner, October 1, 1966.

I once asked a student in class if he had ever had any romantic experiences. There was some laughter until I explained that it could mean the unusual, the unexpected, something opened new horizons, that offered new challenges. It might meand meeting a bear around the corner or being run over with a truck, perhaps an unexpected proposal of marriage give or take leap year, in short, it was definitely something NOT prosaic and whereas it was requeently connected with love, that was really a restricted interpretation of the word.

I feel that the foundation of St. Thomas

More College, due to the circumstances under which it came into existence, was really in the realm of the romantic. I feel, too, that my life has had more than the usual overtones of the Romantic, in the above mentioned context of course. Perhaps it needs a Romantic to do the romantic. Its sudden, simple and yet very bizarre inception coupled with its multiphasic aspects were all very unusual. The history has elements of the fable, the fanciful it not the extravagant. I feel that since the foundation of this College was for all ways of speaking my very child, I think that it would not be amiss to inject some autobiographical note perhaps about its father, and some of its grand parents and aunts and or uncles by adoption.

FORGIVE ME THEN for a very personal, but I hope short note, and in your charity do not attribute it completely to the rambling of a semi-senile aged person. I am too old to be praised, and too rational to expect it. I do understand that it is only in Japan that they worship their ancestors, at least until a few years ago — and we are, of course, in Canada.

I WAS BORN IN TORONTO, but that handicap has been rendered almost nil, because since that time, I have travelled on three different passports, and now live once again in Toronto but under quite unusual conditions. I am now officially an immigrant with a special recognition as a landed immigrant.

MY FATHER? A CIVIC OFFICIAL with heavy military overtones destined me from childhood to study in the gymnasium in Germany, and to think that his ancestors came from the North of Ireland. Is that romantic? But then the Royal Family has strong german strains, not forgetting Maraget's Husband's Mother which helped Kraft durch Freude. I was raised in spartan surroundings with certain strains of Toronto conservatism, rubbing shoulders with the Masseys, not Vincent, of course, but his brother Raymond much my junior, who seemed destined for a career in no way akin to Doctor Kildare's immediate superior. He is a great actor, and has brought great art to the entertainment world. In this

surrounding my training was a mixture of ardent Methodism, and staunch if perhaps dour Presbyterianism with much emphasis on the Westminster Catechism and large doses of Calvin. Little did I realize that later on I would be telling my students of the wonderful prose of this great divine. My school was a wonderful where we learned to think of those not of our school and pariahs and people whom God could hardly have come to save. To this school went also the Mallon boy.

I DID NOT ENCOUNTER CATHOLIC EDUCATION UNTIL I enetred the University of Toronto and St. Michael's College, one of the Federated Colleges which

was, I think, to serve later as a model for St. Thomas More. I am not quite sure, but it was here that I was to experience a certain type of the Romantic. Could I have been destined for this St. Michael's? for it was in this very place that I was to meet the man who more than any other was to play an extremely important role in my administrative and, of course, spiritual life, Father Carr. Looking back, I might sing, as the record says "When I was Seventeen, that was a very good year, but then that was a pre-Carr year." I was frequently tardy because I lived far from the College, and often did not make it on time at his classes, or at all. I prided myself on certain know-

ledge of Latin and German, subjects which he taught, but he gave me no recognition, save scorn and mild invective. I threatened to transfer to University College or Tirnity where my school chums were, and as they say in THESE days, there was where the action was. He said, "Fine, Go ahead and go". But I just stayed on.

I t was in this unsympathetic surroundings that I decided to become a priest and to join the Congregation of the Basilian Fathers. I entered the Order only to be told by the Acting Superior General, — a very dignified Englishman — at the end of the year that by no stretch of the imagination could he

see that I was adapted for their manner of life. The incident happened about two weeks before I was to make my temporary vows in the Order, and was provoked by the fact that I had put on a tabernacle veil of the wrong color.

NO ONE SEEMED TO REGRET HAVING TOLD ME TO GO HOME? Or even to say that I should stay, and so I just stayed on for forty years approximately. I returned to St. Michael's and whom should I meet, and this time in capacity of my superior, but Father Carr. He subsequently became my Superior General, and thereby had complete control over my destiny — complete, save that he could not order me to be PUT TO DEATH. And NWO TO THE

MATTER AT HAND. One day early in Spring 1936, after I had been in administration, and thought that this particular type of life was finished for me, he sent for me and said, "You are going out to Saskatoon to establish a College similar to that here at St. Michael's. Have you anything to say? What a rhetorical question. A few days later he said, Bishop Murray is conducting a retreat at St. Augustine's Seminary. We shall see him tomorrow." When we met, Father Carr said, "This is Father Rush who is going to establish the College in Saskatoon." I do not know whether or not Bishop Murray had ever heard of me before, but it did not matter. He was an extremely gracious man. I had already

heard about him when he was Professor of Theology in the Major Seminary of the Redemptorist Fathers in New York, and secondly as Provincial of the same Fathers who lamented the fact that their Provincial was being elevated to the Episcopate, for this appointment had deprived them of a wonderful leader and a true Father, very tender and solicitous for his priests. I must say that Bishop Murray was a man of very keen intelligence, and very rapidly grasped the role of the affiliated college within the provincial University.

FATHER CARR TOLD ME TO READ THE CORRESPONDENCE DEALING WITH THE AFFILIATION and come back in two days. When I was him, he was shaving. He was apparently

convinced that there was no obex to dialoguing through a blanket of lather. Several times, when I brought up certain matters, he would say, "That is not there". After I had re-read the clause, he would say, "Really", or, "Oh". I mention this, of course, to show his complete lack of interest in details, or his holy or unholy indifference as we say when speaking of religious persons.

All he said was, "Get your ticket and go to Saskatoon. Everything will be taken care of." I make this statement without any reservations at all. I asked, "What am I to do?" "Why, start a college?" Finally the day before my departure, he said that Father Gerald Anglin would follow me. I was delighted

with this young, former lawyer, a man of high personal integrity, and of course right in the Thomas More strain. Father was a member of one of Canada's most illustrious families who had been lulled to sleep with the sound of the bells on Parliament Hill in the Capital or to the reading of long passages from Hansard. In addition he was to be a perfect foil for me, were we not the anode and the cathode. And he was just the one to endure my mercurial temper. He was certainly a man for all seasons and persons. To him I and the College owe an enormous debt of gratitude. He is a very sane and saintly person.

Bishop Murray met me at the station and dear Father Joseph O'Leary gave me hos-

pitality as rector of the Cathedral. Many a good deed he performed both spiritually and materially. Often when he bought groceries, he would add some for us. May I say for the record that without the aid, in its widest sense, of these two men, we could scarcely have carried on.

AND NOW TO THE FOUNDATION. I made an appointment with the wonderful President Walter Murray, the great young old man, and now the play had begun. The very strange part of this was that nobody but the three persons actually knew that I had arrived. It was decided that I should teach French, English. Father Anglin was to be in the department of History. But what WAS, and

WHERE was St. Thomas More College? No-one seems to have thought of this question and when I asked Father Carr, he merely said, "That's your work. Get your ticket and go."

WHERE WAS THE COLLEGE? Certainly not in the Cathedral Rectory, not at Bell's Drug Store, surely not in Animal Husbandry because they were expecting a great increase of pensionnaires the following Spring, and they were Dean Kirk's first concern. Father Carr must have been thinking of the passage of scripture, "Be not solicitous". Fortunately the University provided us with space for our three classes.

Finally, after much discussion with good

and patient Bishop Murray, it was decided to use the little white house which was known as the Newman Club and which belonged to the episcopal corporation and where Dr. Basil Markle lived and conducted the Newman Club. Unfortunately at this time, Dr. Markle was not in Saskatoon. It was decided, however, to have a sign painted and put on the porch with the inscription, "St. Thomas More College," to let the people on College Drive know where the new College was established. The name had been chosen since its inception because Thomas More had been Chancellor of the realm. He had been a writer and had only recently been numbered among the Saints. May I say, at this time, that

it might well have been called Murray College, with President Murray and Bishop Murray as co-Founders, for without these two men, and certainly without the first, it would not have lasted perhaps two years. Let me say too that prior to our arrival there had been only Affiliated Theological Colleges. I am sure that the presence of an Arts College must have aroused much speculation, if not controversy about our status. Fortunately, I knew nothing of this and must say that President Murray was happy to see us and he and his staff as we met them subsequently were extremely cordial to us. You will be interested in hearing, perhaps for the first time, that President Murray had envisaged the Col-

lege since 1925. This idea was born through his close friendship with Sir Robert Falconer who was then President of the University of Toronto and was a great admirer of Federation. There was also Sir William Mulock, the Chancellor of the University of Toronto, who added his advice on the question. And so, some time later, Father Carr on behalf of the Basilian Fathers and President Murray on behalf of the University made the agreement. President Murray had now brought to realization a dream that he wanted to see realized before he retired. To him, of course, the Catholic people of the Province of Saskatchewan will be indebted as long as St. Thomas More College endures. I do hope that some day there will be in this College

a plaque to the Murray Brothers, might I say. I might even paraphrase scripture and say, "Had not President Murray conceived and founded it, in vain would they have laboured who tried to bring it to fulfillment." I must add for you, the Alumni, that the university authorities gave me tremendous help and support, good advice and President Murray much counsel. He often said, "Principal Rush, look to your standards that nobody enters by the back door." But here there was no danger of that because we set up a system by which everybody enters by the one door, and that was the University Registrar's door. I must now mention the former President W.P. Thompson who gave us such support and subsequently James

Sutherland Thomson, Mr. Wier, the Registrar who worked out so many details with Dean Thomson, and the incomparable and Most Efficient Marion Evans Younger, now Emeritus Secretary.

And now a very special tribute to Dr. Basil Markle whose family I knew so well and whose brother and I were on the University of Toronto debating team. Dr. Markle had come out to set up a Department of Scholastic Philosophy before the College was founded, and to direct the Newman Club. Everywhere in this Province, there are thousands of students who have blessed and still bless his name. Perhaps no one but I will be able to assess the radical change that he had to make when, suddenly,

practically out of the sky, he was to give over the building which had been his home for this greater work, an affiliated College. As I mentioned the actual foundation of the College at that particular time had come as a complete surprise to all save the contracting parties, and the wrench that this good man must have felt was most appreciated by me. I shall not forget our first meeting in the cathedral rectory, when the matter was talked over, and later when he and I talked privately. From that day, we never had a single word, ill feeling or hostility. God rest his soul.

Then Dr. Leddy, the young Rhodes Scholar who had just returned from England and

whom Dr. Murray said that he had appointed to the university staff as a help perhaps to us, to quote Dr. Murray's words. WHAT A GRACIOUS GESTURE ON THE PART OF DR. MURRAY, and what a friend Francis Leddy turned out to be, and what a great educator he has become.

I may digress and say that I had the honor of joining him and his wife in Holy Matrimony in the little white house. Our first wedding, of course.

But now LET US TALK ABOUT THE WOMEN STUDENTS. Nowhere in Canada, if I remember correctly, was there such a thing as a Catholic co-educational college. To be sure, we were all together in the University of Saskatchewan, and that is the way we envisaged and wanted

the new College to be, but the question, "What about women?" arose. WHAT MAN could possibly understand the FEMININE MYSTIQUE? Certainly not a priest. We certainly had to have some one woman of great personal intellectual and social integrity, and we found her, almost miraculously, right at our door. Dr. Bernardine Bujila who was to help us in this new work, and was gracious to do this per amore. What a treasure, she was, and still is. Dr. Murray, of course, recommended her and said to me one day, "She is the most brilliant student who ever graduated from this university." This was the Founder of the University who was speaking. She had recently returned from Columbia University where she had taken her Master's degree in

Latin, but she had equal honours in French and spoke it fluently since she had done part of her earlier education in the Province of Quebec, and as you may know some years later she was to make a great name for herself at the University of Chicago and subsequently at the University of Michigan where she obtained her doctorate. Friends of mine at both institutions were amazed that such a brilliant woman would turn down very attractive offers to join their staffs and would on the other hand choose a relatively unknown, at that time, University of Saskatachewan. But she was dedicated to Saskatchewan and to her work and family here, and subsequently became head of the Department. I was trying to compare her with

some outstanding woman, and the one who comes to my mind, I have to be careful because this woman is in politics and may lose her head tomorrow. But Dr. Bujila is really the predecessor of Mrs. Indri Ghandi, but unfortunately Canadians have never appreciated.

AND SO CLASSES BEGAN WITH A SMALL ENROLment, and with much wonderment as to just what we were doing. We were besieged by young athletes and entrepreneurs of teams. Somehow we had become confused with the High School Department of St. Michael's College, which was an independent unit, and which had just had a very great success in sports. To bring the matter closer to home, did not the heroes of that season, the Metz brothers, come from Delisle? There

were many details to iron out, many procedures to establish, but there was always great help from all departments of the administration. Even during the first year, I was asked to take on certain overload, and in the second year, our very great friend, Dr. Lindsay, the great Dean of the College of Medicine, was instrumental in my getting quite a number of pre-medical students. If I am not mistaken Dr. Dugald Blue was one of them, and there are a number of outstanding practitioners, several of whom I see in Toronto, whom I count among my best friends. And then there was Jimmie Thompson, the son of President Thompson, who is now making a name for himself in the Department of Anatomy in the University of Toronto.

At this stage in our first year, we thought it might be nice to have a tea and to invite our friends, a sort of inaugural affair. And we thought it might be good to have a coat of arms, for what college of any ranking does not possess a coat of arms, and did we not have already the Arms of the family of Thomas More. I thought that Father Anglin with his legal background might invent something. He did and it was imprinted on the invitation. The tea was a great success, due to Mrs. Hoe-scher and her valiant cohorts, but the coat of arms was not. One of our friends, Professor Atkinson, said to a student that it was outrageous and she came to me with tears in her eyes feel-

ing that the whole integrity of the Church had been jeopardized. However, the professor was correct, and since he had done a monograph on the coats of arms in the great hall at Cambridge, I approached him and said, "You did not like our crest. You are an authority, would you not like to do one for us, using the Thomas More Arms?" He did it and it is one of the most beautiful in Canada, especially the large one with the mantling, representing a rider's cloak which has been slashed and blows in the wind as his horse speeds on.

All during this time, the students were most loyal. Dr. Markle had created such

a wonderful spirit, that there was no distinction between the students, no difference as to what faculty they belonged. St. Thomas More College and the Newman Club were one. This was the centre for the Catholic students on the campus of the University of Saskatchewan. It was not conceived as a means of keeping them apart. We were too much aware of Newman's idea of a University to know wherein consists a real community. The Sunday morning breakfasts were carried on until they later on reached their more florescent periods under the aegis of the miraculous Father McGahey.

DURING THESE DAYS were we to witness and to share in, to some extent, the

hardships of this era. We soon learned from first hand, the meaning of complete loss of crop — how trite almost to say these words which in themselves are truly devastating words. Frost, hail, drought, grasshoppers, to hear a student say, "We were 90% destroyed", took us some time to understand the impact of these words on him, on her, and on their families. What sacrifices they made, how they ever subsisted throughout those years with their own co-operative housekeeping, frugal living. For those Alumni who may be here tonight, I offer you the greatest praise. I salute you as all the members of the University do. To have flourished in this adversity is more than Spartan. May I say, that we too , in our little College,

felt some of these hardships. A certain retrenchement, a little more housekeeping, a kicking of the furnace, which had such an enormous appetite.

But we did have wonderful friends.

Professor Spinks, I think, it was who invited me to join a club called the UNASHAMED. I thanked him and psoked to Bishop Murray, my mentor. The name sounded suspicious, but it turned out to be a group of very fine young professors who planned literary readings, some impromptu celebration, discussions and numbered even the youthful President Murray. We used to invite some of these friends to share our frugal board. How can I ever forget Dr. Spinks. Every

time I met him, I felt an upsurge of energy and waited for the performance to begin. And my friend, the Viking Dr. Anstensen.

May I tell you about the Levée. Father Anglin and I thought it might be nice to have a "bash" for the staff, especially the heads of the department, and to have it on the morning of New Year's Day. O Romance. We called it a levée like the leaders of parliament have, but it was borrowed from the French Court where Louis XIV and others were accustomed to receive members of their court in their bedroom, the first thing in the morning when they got up. Lever of course. It was limited to their most intimate friends and the rank of the

individual was established by the place he had near the bed. Of course the bed was made, and specially too, for it was called a show bed, un lit de parade. They say that our announcement did cause some admiration in the real sense in Saskatoon. Some one gave us Hudson Bay Nectar, and Father Anglin and someone else spent a great part of New Year's Eve making it. The recipe came from some friends in New Orleans, and they said, all ingredients must be dropped in, to obtain the proper viscosity or something. They did it. Fruit cake, shortbread, and for the levée. It was a particularly good hour, more sympathetic than you would think for late risers, and the beverage that tasted

like Nectar and felt like velvet. The hours were eleven to one, and more than one asked if we might not have a very small container to take a few drams home to their good wives. It was a lovely afternoon. They say on leaving, Vive La Levée. Pop goes the Wassail.

All this time there was much serious work being done in our College, especially in conjunction with the University and through Dr. Margaret Cameron, the eternally young head of the French Department, I was doing more work and we were extremely happy. Subsequent Presidents were most interested in our work as well as the deans, in a word we felt that we belonged. And somehow or other I knew that we belonged.

The subsequent history of the College, under the direction of my relentless driver, Father Carr, paved the way for the great work which has been done by subsequent Principals. All this has been told so well by Mr. Bernard Daly in the famous Chelsea Annual, a very fine publication. The only thing I regret was that St. Thomas More College did not reprint privately, perhaps they have but I am not sure, Dr. Bujila's scholarly monograph on the Church and Tolerance. It is a tremendous contribution to the interrelated fields of history, sociology and humanity in general. I would like to see this monograph, even at this date, sent out through the country. After all, we

are still reading St. Thomas, Hobbes, Locke, Bentham. I ask you members, especially try to read it.

And so it happened that one year: Fathër Mulcahy left the Cathedral Parish for chaplaincy work, Dr. Markle for further study, and Father Rush to teach in another spot. Old teachers do not die, they just grade away.

THE FOUNDING OF THIS COLLEGE must have had some other purpose than a series of episodes. It was certainly conceived by President Murray for a far loftier prupose. The greatest adventure that man can have in life is to be orientated towards the lasting, the spiritual, the ineffable, and means the eternal.

It was for this reason that I was struck by St. Thomas More's constant thought, expressed in different ways, when he was confronted by problems affecting the realm and his own personal problems. Christ is our head and hence our motto, "Caput nostrum Christus". Dr. Murray knew and understood the meaning of religion in our lives. He wanted men and women of different faiths to know that their belief in the eternal by no means impeded their knowledge of and belief in the new, the relative. He believed, as Newman did, that various groups had something to give to the total and most certainly something to receive from their neighbors.

This is home coming week. You Alumni come home to the place where you have been reared in this special university scheme. You have come home to recall certain facts and attitudes which were supposed to be directives in your lives. Could it be that this College, and similar colleges, anticipated the conciliar aggiornamento? Could this Romance have heightened the interrelationship between you, me, your and my fellow citizens. Here you possibly met and remember the new and the unusual. You, too, may have had your romance. It may well be that in the generations to come, men will read the establishment of this College as a re-thinking of conventional images. The recent Council views your

personal activity when entered on responsibly as being a means of personal fulfillment and as having importance in so far as it contributes to human progress and social advance. What lessons do you take home from this home? That the Church shows the world that an authentic union, social and external, results from a union of minds and hearts, namely from that faith and charity by which her own unity is rooted in the Holy Spirit. The Church looks with great respect upon all the TRUE, the good and just elements found in the very wide variety of institutions which the human race has established for itself, and constantly continues to establish. We are exhorted to discharge our earthly

duties conscientiously and in response to the gospel spirit. They are mistaken who, knowing that we have here no abiding city and seek one which is to come, think, therefore, that they may shirk their earthly responsibilities. For they are forgetting that by the faith itself, they are more than ever obliged to measure up to these duties, each one according to his proper vocation.

Therefore, let there be no false opposition between professional and social activities on one hand, and religious life on the other. The Alumnus who neglects his temporal duties, neglects his duties towards his neighbor and to God. You can gather your human, domestic, social problems into one vital

synthesis with religious values under whose supreme direction all things are harmonized unto God's glory.

And now my dear friends and alumni I say to you not "Au revoir" but "Adieu". I am most grateful to you for bringing me back to speak to you and to meet you. I am at home, Je suis chez moi. Je le sais, je le sens.

Friday morning I awakened to find sunrise with its particular hues of silver and white coming over the prairies, a cool, clean air of vigor, inspiration and hope. And now I walk on and on, in the twilight of life, but I shall never walk alone. I have so many memories accompanying me of people whom I loved more than I realized. I knew I

had to lose them, but I know I am going to find them. I shall be waiting for you, too, my friends.

(Address to the St. Thomas More College Alumni Association by Father Leonard Rush, Founding Principal, October 1, 1966. Transcribed from the speaker's typescript)

Dedication of Hugh Haffey Hall, St. John Fisher College, by Most Reverend James E. Kearney, Bishop of Rochester, New York, December 11, 1966.

Following the introduction of Father Haffey by Mr. Robert Wegman, Chairman of the Board of Regents — Father Haffey's remarks follow.

Seventeen years ago on this stie, Bishop Kearney turned the first sod. I constructed a ceremonial for the occasion. The new liturgy had not arrived. The old one had no ritual for turning first sods of colleges on hill-tops.

We threw together some planks for a platform, had a few speeches — stepped down to do a bit of digging. But where? We had 70 acres of wasteland, of trees and weeds to choose from. There must have been a land mine detector in

the bishop's shovel. He dug on the very spot where now rises your beautiful tower on Kearney Hall.

This was in the beginning. Many times the bishop has assisted at other ceremonies here. But for Bishop Kearney, ceremonial was never inept, an idle thing. It was never a meaningless ritual to finish in a hurry. It was an opportunity to draw close to the people he loved — all the people of every Faith — to his people — the people he has served so well. It was so at St. John Fisher — in the beginning. It is so at St. John Fisher today. How thrilled I am to be with him at this ceremony just as I was thrilled to be with him, on the hill yonder — in the beginning.

I rummaged through a few files that I had brought South with me. I found there a few personal letters from Bishop Kearney to me in that beautiful hand written style of his — not pounded out on a typewriter. I now cite some excerpts from one of those:

Dear Hugh,

This is just an idea. It doesn't require any special consideration because it comes "ex cathedra". (Now I must pause and explain that; because this is a Latin expression and today with Vatican II and the vernacular that would read — it doesn't require any special consideration because it comes from the head office.) He continues, "I still feel that something original would go over. Now that's just an idea and you can feel free to take it for what it's worth — just an idea."

Fraternally in Christ

+ James E. Kearney

In the beginning of St. John Fisher College, there was an idea. It was Bishop

Kearney's idea. His ideas have a very special flavor and quality about them. They soon become wrapped with reality. That is what has happened here. Today that idea crowns this hilltop. We may well describe it in the words of St. Matthew: "A city built upon a hill cannot be hid."

We share the great, profound appreciation that everyone in Rochester must have for what Bishop Kearney has done. How thrilled we are here today to be with him at this last public ceremonial.

At this point I would like to mention one person, Father McCorkell, who is with us today. He is the former Superior General of the Basilian Fathers and

the General under whom I worked while planning St. John Fisher College.

He was the greatest builder the Congregation has ever produced. Some \$30,000,000 in buildings in the United States, Canada, France, and Mexico exist today because of his foresight, planning and interest. For twelve years he guided the Basilian Fathers, including those formative years of St. John Fisher College.

I have never been a Superior General, never will be. I surmise that Superior Generals can choose their place of retirement. He chose St. John Fisher. From what better place could he view his long apostolate — in full, vigor-

ous, meaningful retrospection — than from this city built upon a hill — this college, where in the beginning, his vision, dynamism, his efficient causality has changed academic potential into throbbing, vital collegiate act.

Lastly, I first came to Rochester as a teacher. I am still a teacher. A teacher is a person. In a sense all those in a community who feel the effect — direct and indirect — of that teacher's presence constitute a person also. So it is that a bond can grow, can be forged between a person who is a teacher and a community that is likewise a person. This particular teacher-community bond, we could call for want of a better name, the Haffey-Rochester

bond. For the sake of brevity and in accord with modern psychology, we may hereafter regard it as the H-R bond.

Some bonds, like modern marriage bonds readily dissolve. The H-R bond never has. It was evidently hammered out on another kind of anvil. It had a permanence sealed into it — from the beginning.

Now — a new expression of that permanence is structured in brick and stone and steel. But it has reversed our roles — this great Rochester community has become the teacher. I am the pupil. You have taught me the unlimited extent of appreciation, kindness, generosity that dwells in the human heart. I can

only respond by saying, it is a delightful lesson you have taught me.

How can I repay you? In the war on poverty there is no more hectic battleground than our own campus in Houston, Texas. Therefore, payment, in the same coin is impossible. Bishop Kearney, Mr. Wegman, Board of Regents, Father Lavery, faculty, students, the Basilian family, friends — all you wonderful people of Rochester — will have to settle for my humble prayers. I assure you:

They will be frequent.

They will be ardent.

They will be total.

(Transcribed from the dittoed copy of his talk, in the general archives of the Basilian Fathers)

May it please Your Excellencies, Right Reverend Monsignori, Reverend Fathers, Sisters and Friends:

Strange are the ways of God. Father Sheehy had a year to prepare for death. Moments ago, three of our astronauts in a searing flash of fire were killed instantly on the launching pad at Cape Kennedy. God have mercy on their souls.

We have assembled tonight to offer this last Mass of Requiem over the earthly remains of one we have known and loved.

This is a sombre hour for all of us.

In a special way, we Basilians are saddened — for this is the first Basilian funeral from the University of St. Thomas. In fact, this is the first Basilian ever stationed at the University

to die — rather remarkable in a span of twenty years. He knew he was going to die — I told him several months ago — for we had an agreement to tell each other.

With deep and prayerful sympathy, we share this hour of sorrow with his sister, Peggy, and his brother, Tom. During the summer and fall, their extraordinary devotion and loving care gave him strength and comfort in his long Gethsemane of sacrifice. It was not a matter of nursing one back to vigorous health, but the slow purgatory of helping and watching a beloved brother die.

It was said of our Patron, St. Basil, that he knew but two routes — to the chapel and the classroom.

Few people knew that Father Sheehy had an outstanding career as an administrator and builder before he came to Texas. He was an exceptionally understanding Superior, and the present great Catholic Central High School complex in Detroit grew from his plans and vision while he was Principal there. So few realized his background because he never mentioned it. He always regarded his administrative years as a trial and scourge that took him from the light of his life — the centre of his universe — from the world he loved — the classroom. He had become a Basilian to teach. He that shall do and teach shall be great in the Kingdom of Heaven.

For him each lecture was a masterpiece —

a thing complete in itself. Better teaching was his constant concern. In the days when 'audio-visual' teachers were beginning to set a new style in Pedagogy — Father Sheehy was an old veteran with these media. Students enjoyed his classes because they knew he enjoyed them even more.

In an age of renewal, he remained calm, alert and progressive. He had no love-hate neurosis to work off. With benign patience he realized that we now have theological experts among cab-drivers, beauticians, boxers and cowboys. To update — yes — but he never lost the glorious vision of the Church — the people of God. Any doubts were dissipated by his daily visits to the Blessed Sacra-

ment. These he made with unfailing regularity. From his Mass and this font he drew his strength.

He was convinced that Thinking was rare.

That is one reason it is so precious.

His was the quiet approach — not the flamboyant. Truth was presented — 'a many splendored vision', but no simple solutions were meted out. His classes were not a journey through the Great Sahara of a mental desert — but alive, stimulating and lucid. Just three years ago, the Minnie Stevens Piper Foundation selected him as one of the ten outstanding professors in the State of Texas.

It did not spoil him. The citation was framed and hung in his office next to a Permit to Hunt Dinosaurs in the Grand

Canyon. The light touch — Alas! So few have it ... in an era of gloomy and desolate protest. It made him approachable. Like the small cartoon on his office door with the admonition to "Come in, Eli, what's on your cotton-picking mind?"

He had a range of hobbies — tropical fish (this one lasted thirty years) — photography, especially sculpture stills and his collection covered the sculpture in most major museums in the country — slides, model trains, boats. There was a special quality about his hobbies — they kept him at home. They could be relished in private or shared — they enriched his classes — they kept him

busy. They served as a conversation piece to make it easy for people to approach him. Basically, his hobby was teaching and preaching. He did not distinguish the two — for to him a sermon was just another chance to instruct, to inspire and to enrich human lives. Even a feverish after confession was an occasion to teach some vivid truth.

Finally, two threads run through the sacred liturgy in tonight's Requiem — the theme of hope and the theme of peace. In the Gospel just read, we note: "Those whose deeds have been good will rise again to life." We hope then, relying on Jesus Christ Our Saviour.

And may there be for him and for all of us PEACE at the LAST. Just as Christ's

ordinary salutation was Peace be to you — so, too, was Father Sheehy's familiarsalute and invocation — Peace — Pax. May it re-echo across the chasm of eternity — reverberate through the corridors of time, and settle on the hearts and minds of frightened, selfish, little people, and give us all courage. May the angels lead him into paradise; may the martyrs receive him at his coming, and lead him into the holy city, Jerusalem. May the choir of angels receive him, and ... may he have everlasting rest. May his great soul rest in Peace.

(Sermon preached by Father John F. Murphy at the funeral of Father John Dennis Sheehy in St. Anne's Church, Houston, Friday, January 27, 1967. Transcribed from a copy of the preacher's manuscript in the General Archives of the Basilian Fathers)

"To you we owe, O God, a hymn of praise in Sion ... you have crowned the year with your bounty, and your paths overflow with a rich harvest." Psalm 64

The words of my text are from the Introit of the Mass of requiem, and are to be found in Psalm 64. This is not a psalm of mourning, but rather a psalm of thanksgiving for a bountiful harvest. We do indeed regret the death of a priest and confrere, Father Joseph Muckle, and we join with his only surviving brother and other relatives here present in sentiments of grief. But our sorrow is muted by joy in his spiritual harvest of prayer and good works. During a long life he went forth scattering the seed of the Word in varied fields. He now returns to the Lord of the harvest carrying his sheaves.

It is the fashion today, and a laudable one it is, to speak of the duty of a Christian to bear witness to Christ. He can do this by preaching Christ and Him crucified, as St. Paul described his own vocation. He can be the good odor of Christ, to be redolent of Christ by word and example as St. Paul urged his converts to be. Now it is no news to you that Father Muckle belonged to a family which bore witness to Christ to a remarkable degree. The Muckle family gave a daughter to the Sisters of Mercy, and four sons to the priesthood; indeed there would have been a fifth priest, if ill health had not compelled him to give up his studies. To the diocese of Rochester the family

gave John and Charles, to this arch-diocese William, who was once rector of the Cathedral, and later pastor of Lourdes parish. All three have been called to God. To the Basilian Fathers the family gave Joseph, for whom we are now offering this Mass of requiem. This is the great fact of the life history of Joseph Muckle; he was one of four priests which his family gave to the Church. It is a witness to a reverence for the priesthood from which we can learn a much-needed lesson today.

The Muckle family grew up on a farm south of Rochester, New York. They were far from wealthy, but they helped one another, and came one after the other to St. Michael's College in the

first decade of this century. It is from Christian families of this kind that the Church has found her vocations in the past. It will be that way in the future. Vocations are the fruit of a reverence for the priesthood which begins in the home and prompts both parents and children to make sacrifices for God's Church, the institutional Church which Christ our Lord set up with Peter at its head, and which has continued under Peter's successors till the present day.

Father Muckle was blessed by God with a fruitful apostolate. It was his lot to join the Basilians when the Community was still very small, but on the verge of rapid growth. There was a future to

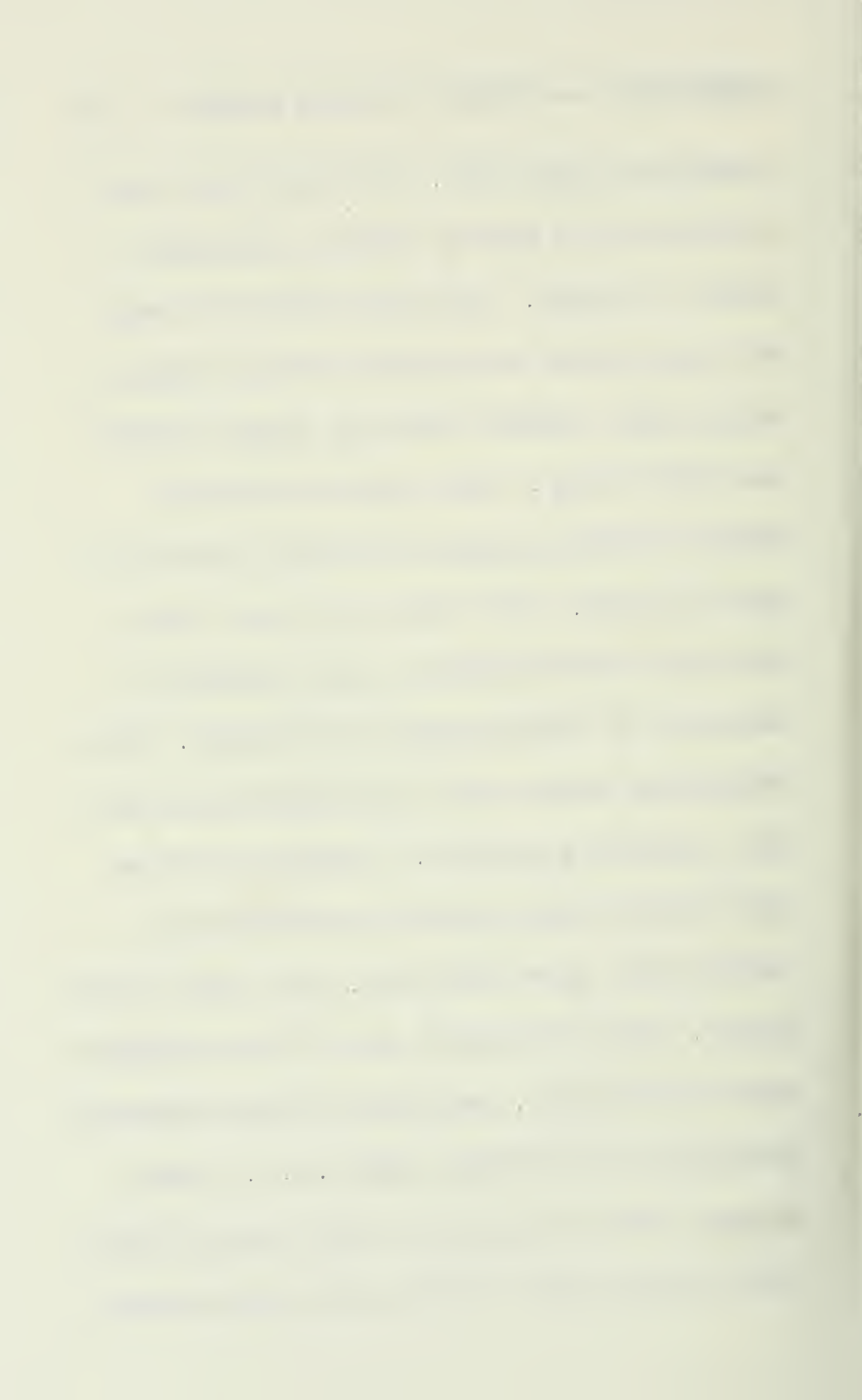
get ready for, and in some sense to create, and he put his shoulder to the wheel. He taught Latin for nearly fifteen years at Toronto, Windsor and Houston, mostly to high school classes. It was one of our early discoveries that we had to have a good high school before we could hope to have a good college. He was well equipped. An honors course at the University of Toronto, and a graduate course at Catholic University; these fell to his lot as the fruit of a new spirit stirring within the Basilians in that particular period of change.

I need not say that he was a gifted Latin teacher. Those who took his classes will agree that there never was a dull moment.

He even took his turn at administration — that cross which every college man would love to dodge, especially today. He was superior and president of Assumption when he was but four years in the priesthood. It was a critical time for Assumption. The College was about to move into the wider academic world by linking itself with the University of Western Ontario at London. Articles of agreement had to be drawn up, and despite his youth, Muckle was a good negotiator. He had been trained by university men at the University of Toronto and subsequently joined them as a junior colleague. He could, therefore, talk their language. Years later, Dr. Fox, president of Western, remembered with what tension the negotiating

committe first met. It was a new experience for him to drive a bargain with a priest. An easy matter it was to agree that Assumption would begin only with courses that it could handle — more later. But which courses?

Father Muckle began by naming Greek as one of them, and went on to say that he knew Greek would be well taught because he would teach it himself. This witticism broke the ice completely, and all tension vanished. Western came to appreciate the youthful president of Assumption more and more, and some years later, after he moved on to his appointment in Toronto, awarded him an honorary doctorate of letters (Litt.D.). When it got its own charter thirty years later Assumption also awarded him a doctorate.



There is an old adage that life begins at forty. Certainly it was at this age that the academic life of Father Muckle really began. Taking graduate studies at Harvard University, he prepared himself to become one of the original staff of the Institute of Mediaeval Studies, which opened its doors to students in 1929. It is no vain boast to say that ten years later at the height of his power he was perhaps the leading authority in Latin paleography in America. He published several volumes in this specialized field and many articles in learned journals. Eventually he was elected a member of the Royal Society of Canada, with his scholarship widely recognized.

In the meantime the University of Toronto did not overlook his presence on the campus. When the project of revising the courses of study in the Faculty of Arts and Sciences was undertaken during these years, President Sidney Smith named Father Muckle as a member of a small committee to undertake it. He was not one to remain a silent member.

Despite all this public recognition as a teacher and a scholar, it was his priesthood that he prized above all. He was deeply interested in the pastoral care of students. He loved to preach the word of God, and did so with effect in this Church and elsewhere. He was devoted to the Divine Office and the Mass, as becomes a priest. ¹It was indeed

edifying to see how, when he could no longer stand at the altar, he availed himself of the privilege of saying Mass seated in a chair. This he continued to do till within a few days of the end.

He was a restless, driving spirit, never easy on himself, till at three score and ten ill-health made him no longer capable of continuing work or enjoying leisure. May the rest that eluded him so much in life be his now in eternal life with God; Who crowned his life with a divine bounty, and made his paths overflow with a rich spiritual harvest.

(Sermon preached in St. Basil's Church, Toronto, Saturday May 13, 1967, at the funeral of Father Joseph Muckle. Transcribed from the preacher's manuscript)

Most Reverend Bishop Nelligan, Reverend Monsignori, Reverend Fathers, Sisters, Students of Assumption High School, the Fullerton Family, and Friends, the occasion which brings us together this morning is indeed a sad one. The Fullerton Family has lost a beloved brother, the Basilians have lost a wonderful priest, and the Church Militant has lost a zealous Catholic priest. It is only right that we should be sad, but this sadness is for ourselves because we are the ones who have lost a friend. Christ, Himself, wept at the grave of Lazarus and so it is quite natural that we are filled with tears and sadness this morning.

It was jusy forty years ago th at Father Fullerton made his commitment to Christ

when he entered the Basilian Fathers' Novitiate, a commitment which he kept until God called him to his reward.

Love was a characteristic of Father Fullerton's life. He loved God very much which was evidenced by the zealous life he led. He loved his confreres as was shown by the fact that he wanted always to be with them whether they were young or old. He enjoyed a wonderful sense of humor at all times. He loved his Community which was evidenced by the fact that he was always interested in whatever was going on in any phase of Basilian activity. He loved his family — he was in constant touch with them — he was happy when they were happy, and sad when they were sad. He knew everyone's birthday — even to the

youngest nieces and nephews. He loved the poor and the underprivileged and it was for this reason that he volunteered to work on the Missions where he knew he would not have the companionship of his confreres. He remained on the Missions as long as his health permitted and continued to work for the Missions even until his dying day. It was on the Missions that he contracted bronchial trouble which bothered him all the rest of his life.

It is difficult for us to understand death. It is only through the mystery of the Cross that it has meaning. The world is full of mysteries, the soul is a mystery, and heaven is a mystery to us earthly creatures. But, however, who embraces the Cross with an open heart

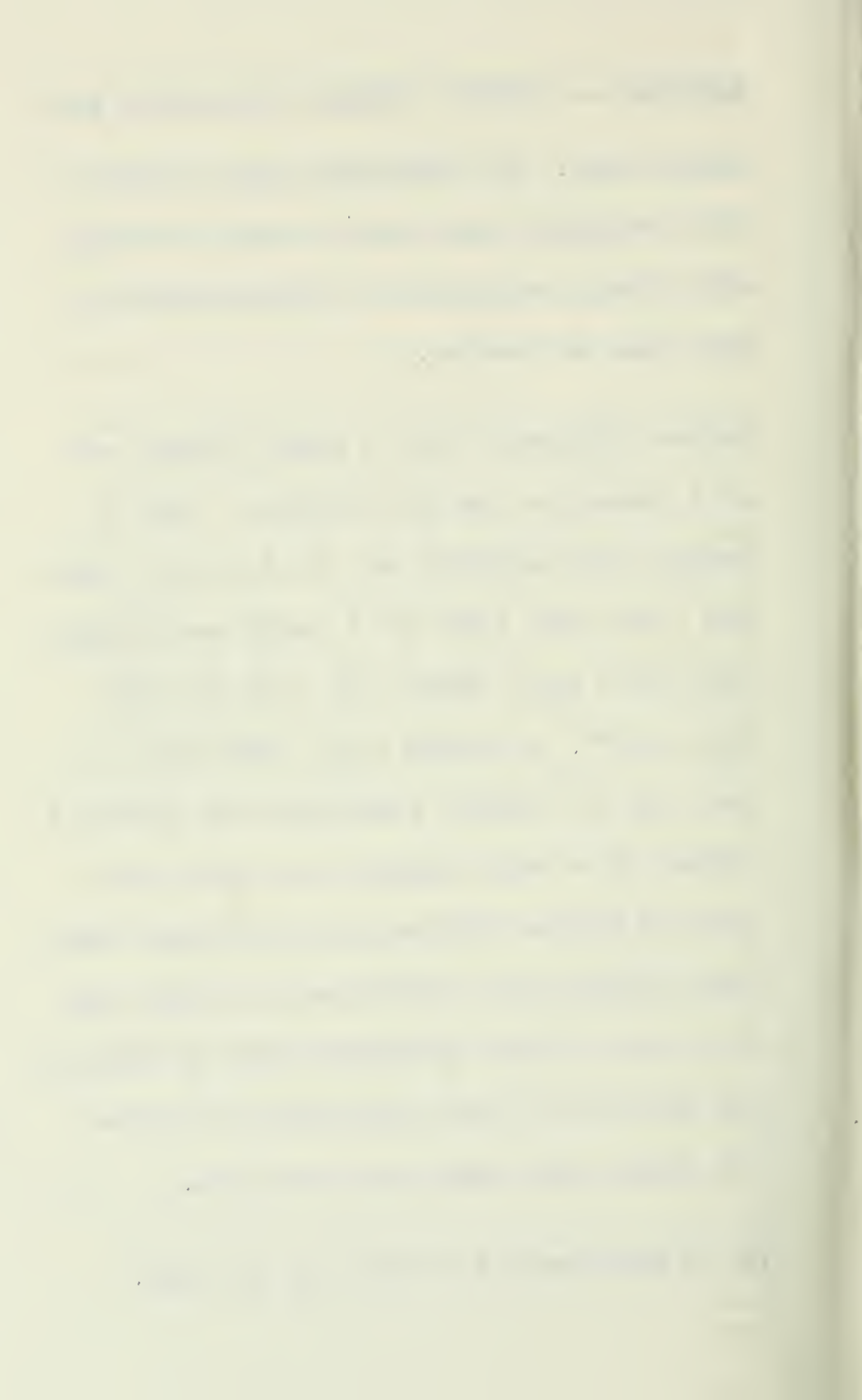
finds the explanation of many mysteries. Father Fullerton carried a heavy cross all of his life. He suffered a great deal, physically. God chose to put him through the Garden of Gethsemane when for a time God took away from him all hope and consolation — there was nothing left but hopelessness and despair. It is only because of the suffering of the cross that there is an Easter Sunday. This is Father Fullerton's "Easter".

Father Fullerton and I were classmates. We were in the Seminary together. He loved sports and there was one occasion that he used which dominated and explained his life. He used to say "The old ginniger" when he was trying to keep everyone pepped up so they would give

their best. He exhibited this spirit with everyone who came to him for help with their problems or consolation in the time of sorrow.

Father Fullerton was a human being and as a human he had his faults. God is loving and merciful but He is also just, and I am sure that if I could ask Father Fullerton now: "What can I do to help you most?", he would say, "Ask them to pray for me today, tomorrow and always." I feel in a very special way that the soul of Father Fullerton is present here this morning in a different reality and as a part of the Mystical Body of Christ, and that he is very much with us as we all offer this Mass for his soul.

It is difficult in this day and age,



with everything changing so much, to find phrases to explain one's feelings but I will explain in this way: I feel that the soul of Father Fullerton is now enjoying the Beatific Vision, that he is with Christ, with the four and twenty Ancients, the Seraphim and Cherubim, the Angels and Archangels, the Apostles, the Confessors, the Virgins, the Martyrs, the Doctors and all the saints of heaven — with the angels wondering how he could have done so much — the Mother of God will explain that — "He who is mighty has done great things" — as a priestly man and a manly priest sings, "Holy, Holy, Lord God of Hosts."

(Sermon preached by Father John F. Collins at the funeral of Father Vincent Fullerton in Assumption Church, Windsor, Wednesday, September 6, 1967. Transcribed from the preacher's typescript.)

A little later this morning, I shall attend in St. Basil's Church the funeral of Father Vincent Fullerton, among whose relatives are some members of your Community. Elsewhere in the City of Toronto sorrowing friends and relatives will gather to bid farewell to a loved one, to look for the last time upon a familiar face. For many of them this will be the end. The deceased has entered into rest and all is finished. Soon the body will crumple into dust and even the memory of the departed will be lost in oblivion.

But, for those attending a Catholic funeral the outlook is different. The preface of the Funeral Mass will remind them that at death, life is not taken

away but is changed. They will recall the teaching of their catechism that when the natural life of the body comes to a close, the supernatural life of the soul continues on. For this reason over Catholic buildings, especially churches, a cross is placed, at once the sign of death and of life. At Mass the priest has in front of him an image of the dying Christ to speak to him of victory over death. In the course of the church year, the calendar of saints observes not the day of birth into this world, but the date of death and entry into new life. Members of a religious community, during their lifetime, are ranked by date of entry into their religious family. After death their rank comes from the date of their entry into the life to come.

Forty-one years ago Father Fullerton heard the call of Christ and began to understand the meaning of the words, "Whosoever will save his life, shall lose it". (Mark 8, 35) As a high school graduate he put aside the opportunity to make his mark in the world, lost his life that he might save it. We had grown up together in St. Joseph's Parish and I went with him when he went to put in his application to enter our Novitiate. Some years later, once more reunited with him, I was with him again when after an absence from the altar of some months due to a nervous breakdown, he was able to resume saying Mass. During the course of his priestly life he enjoyed a number of little successes, suffered a few reverses, particularly in the matter of health. His whole life can be summed

up in words I once heard applied to St. Joseph: "He said his prayers and he did his work." Like St. Joseph he was a good family man, a real asset in the local communities of his religious family.

Let us, as our Mass continues, pray that like St. Joseph we, too, may be good family men, that we may do our work and say our prayers. Now let us say together the offertory prayer which speaks of St. Michael, the patron of our Archdiocese, leading the sould which has left the body into light.

(Homily given to the Christian Brothers at De la Salle, Oaklands, September 7, 1967. Transcribed from the preacher's manuscript)

We are gathered here this evening to pay our last respects to a man who was at one and the same time both priest and scientist. While we deeply mourn his loss, yet do we rejoice in the comfort and instruction which his brief but fruitful life has furnished us.

Uniting in himself the dual roles of priest and physicist, he exemplified in his life and teaching the concord, the harmony, the synthesis that can and must exist between true science and true faith.

For Father Vasek, for Doctor Vasek, — he was the recipient of the highest degree in Physics that any University can offer — for him, I say, the priestly and the scientific were as one.

His world of Physics was not one of blind, causeless and aimless forces; for his Physics harmonized with his Theology and his Theology harmonized with his Physics.

So close and beautiful was this harmony that for him and for his students this world was a world that sang of purpose, a universe that revered an intelligence, a cosmos that glorified a first cause and a final end. Through him the effect praised the Cause, the creature blessed its Creator:

Praise ye Him, O Sun and moon
 Praise Him all ye stars and light,
 Fire, hail, snow, ice, stormy
 winds that fulfil His word,
 Mountains and all hills,
 Fruitful trees and all cedars.
 Praise him all ye beasts and cattle,
 Sperents and feathered fowl,
 Young men and maidens, let the old with
 the younger praise the name of the Lord.
 For He commanded and they were created,
 He established them forevere and ever.

Yes, the spiritual world of Father Vasek and the physical world of Doctor Vasek sang in unison the glory of God and proclaimed in harmony the works of His hands.

But now the heart that sang and the tongue that hymned the glories of the universe are stringless instruments. Death, like an untimely frost, has stilled the beating of that heart and silenced forever the accents of that tongue.

But we know that our Redeemer liveth and that Father Vasek lives on as a priestly prize of the redemptive victory.

His song of creation has now become the song of the Creator and where once he praised the Cause in the effect, he will

now and forevermore canticle the effect

in the very bosom of the Cause:

Bless the Father and the Son
And the Holy Spirit;
Let us praise and exalt
God forever.

Blessed are you, O Lord
In the firmament of heaven
Praiseworthy and glorious
throughout all ages.

As we consign his body to the grave, we
recommend his soul with the prayer of
Christian faith to his God and his
Creator, his Resurrection and his Life
eternal.

We extend our heartfelt sympathied to
Mr. and Mrs. Vasek and to the family
of the deceased. We pray that, while
sorrow has struck so heavy a blow, it
will leave neither wound of bitterness
nor scar of complaint. May the quiet
resignation of his final moments be to

you a source of comfort and strength
in your deep grief.

Eternal rest grant unto him, O Lord,
and let perpetual light shine upon him.

(Sermon preached by Father James F.
Wilson at the funeral of Father Leslie
Vasek in St. Anne's Church, Houston,
Wednesday evening, October 18, 1967.
Transcribed from the copy printed in
The Paper, University of St. Thomas,
October 26, 1967)

This historic meeting could, I feel, be moralized into a thousand similies; I will limit myself to one suggested by the twentieth chapter of the Book of Judges in which we read: 'So all the Israelites came out as one man. From Dan to Bersabee, and from all the land of Galaad, the community was gathered together to the Lord at Maspha.'

We, the members of the Basilian Community of the Western United States, like the Israelites of old, are gathered here today to the Lord; like them, we present ourselves as the assembly of the people of God that we may discern what is the good and acceptable and perfect will of our God.

In this great age of renewal, the Holy Spirit is indeed 'moving over the waters'

exhorting, encouraging, stimulating all men of faith, by a transformation of spirit and a newness of mind, to truly discern what is this good and acceptable and perfect will of our God.

As we begin these deliberations today, let us, then, as new men of Dan and Bersabee and Galaad, invoke the light and guidance of the Holy Spirit of God; and then, having placed ourselves in the gracious hands of our Lady of the New Covenant, proceed freely and resolutely to the task we have set before us.

We must, first of all, cast aside all fear: fear that, in striving to do better, we may mar what is good, fear that, in spite of all our efforts, we are pruning a rotten tree: fear that, in our

weak human endeavours and lack of resources, we are straining hopelessly to hold up a falling fabric.

Although we cannot look into the seeds of time and say which grain will grow and which will not, yet we, as a community, will not, for that reason, sit back and wail our woes but like truly wise men, through dialogue, discussion, prayer and action we will presently prevent the ways to wail.

In the implementation of renewal, we must not fear that we are sacrificing cherished ideals and values. Rather must we be convinced that it is only the means by which these ideals are realized, that will undergo scrutiny and possible modification.

There are values that must never disappear from Basilian life. Unity in all phases of community activity, loyalty to the Holy See and the Chair of Peter, priestly learning and personal sanctification — these are values that must never vanish from Basilian life, for these are the well-springs of our life and spirit, these are the fountains from whence our current runs. They are objectives that must be re-affirmed, they are principles that must be re-emphasized, they are purposes to which we must re-dedicate ourselves if we are to remain in the church and in the world as 'the quick forge and working-house of God.'

'I have not come to destroy', says Our Blessed Lord, 'but to fulfill'. Let us

proceed, the, like the men of Dan and Bersabee and Galaad, in his blessed Spirit and may we more perfectly form in us the mind and the heart of Christ.

(Address given by Father James Wilson, newly elected Regional Representative, at the first meeting of the Western United States Region, University of St. Thomas, Houston, January 21, 1966. Transcribed from a dittoed copy in the archives of the Basilian Fathers)

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NEW DIRECTIONS IN THE OLD CHURCH, read on the occasion of the Bicentenary of Assumption Parish, Windsor, October 22, 1967, by Laurence K. Shook, C.S.B.

Mr. Chairman:

I am both honoured and pleased to be associated with today's celebrations marking the 200th anniversary of the founding of Assumption Parish. I warmly and affectionately join those have taken the podium before me in extending to the present pastor and to all his parishioners the greetings of my colleagues at the Pontifical Institute of Mediaeval Studies. Because the Institute is so small and so young, I proffer these greetings self-consciously but not, I trust, rashly, because only last Wednesday (October 18) our little Institute,

too, celebrated an anniversary, albeit only its 28th, or 38th, depending on how we count. What different worlds received us — old Assumption Parish and the Pontifical Institute — at our not totally dissimilar births. Not totally dissimilar because both of us were the idea and vision of devout, intelligent far-seeing Frenchmen (in your case Fathers Armand de la Richardie and Pierre Potier, in our Etienne Gilson); these Frenchmen decided that Canada was the right place to fulfill the yearning of their exploring spirits. But how wild, undeveloped and rugged was the new world that received you! And how sophisticated and lived-in had it become when it received us. It is my hope, and I

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express it reverently, that when, like Assumption Parish, our Institute reaches its 200th birthday, it will have served as faithfully and well the country in which it chose to be born as this grand old parish has served the country in which it not only chose to be born but to which it has in no small measure given birth.

In undertaking to speak tonight, I should have liked to be in a position to narrate the colourful history of the parish of Ontario's oldest continual settlement. That I am not actually going to do so is partly because there is really no time at this hour of the evening for what, if it were done properly, would be long in the telling, but partly too

because I should have to undertake the task in the presence of the man who is beyond all doubt the best informed authority on this subject living today — I refer, of course, to Ernest J. Lajeunesse, the author of the booklet distributed to us this evening, and sitting quietly and comfortably at this table. I am not going to take the time to say at second hand what he has already said so well, with such accuracy of detail, and in such a more fruitful way from primary documents. What I shall do is focus my early remarks upon certain characteristics of your long history, especially your exploring spirit and your Christian Hope, which made a deep impression on me when reading Father Lajeunesse's writings.

I should like to make two points about Father Lapunesse's historical work, basing them not so much on this booklet which I have had no opportunity to examine, but on his earlier and important monograph, The Windsor Border Region, published by the Champlain Society in 1960, because in doing this I can add professional and theological dimensions to this evening's proceedings which might properly come from me. This volume, in spite of the author's protest in the Preface that he is "quite untrained in historical research", is one of the finest examples of contemporary historical methodology produced in this country. It is, as some of you know, a collection of the documents pertaining to the ear-

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liest years of this Sandwich settlement, documents which survive in public and private libraries, government and municipal archives, and the record books of ecclesiastical chanceries and local parishes. Gathering the data cannot have been easy work. Consider this: From 1747 to 1767, the territory of Pointe de Montréal, (Sandwich if you prefer) was a Huron Mission of the Jesuits; from 1767 to 1826 (69 years) it was established as a parish in the diocese of Quebec — one of the early pastors, the Sulpician Father Hubert, was later Bishop of Quebec; from 1826 to 1841, it was a parish in the diocese of Upper Canada or Kingston; from 1841 to 1856, it was in the diocese of Toronto; from 1856 to this day it has belonged to the

diocese of London. This makes a lot of chancery offices. If you have ever worked as an historian or researcher in chancery offices you will know the problem. You are usually welcome, but these offices tend to be rather busy places in their own right, and the intruding scholar snooping here and there into other people's business is, if not actually impedimenta, at the very least unnecessary entourage. Father Lajeunesse probably had his fill of them. His quest for data, however, only began with chancery offices. He has gone literally everywhere in search of records of the lives and fates of people who have lived or are living in Canada's sun parlour.

There was a time when much of this local research of the kind undertaken by Father Lajeunesse was left to antiquarians and to those romantically and sentimentally attached to particular districts. Historians of the 19th century, and indeed until quite recently, were pre-occupied largely with political, economic and constitutional movements and trends. They somehow thought that strictly local institutions — parishes, estates, village governments and so on — had little to engage the professional.

During the last fifteen years this has changed radically. Now professional historians are deep into local history. The classical example of this is the founding four years ago of a centre for

the study of Population by Peter Laslett and Anthony Wrigley at Cambridge University. The object of the Centre is to make a professional study of the parishes of England. This new interest in parish history derives from the importance now attached to the mobility of people.

People have always displayed a tendency to move about from place to place, to seek change, but never before on the scale experienced in our day. The new mobility is not so much one of nations but of everybody, it is a new phenomenon. Professional historians have been looking for means of studying this phenomenon. They are especially anxious to discover how it got under way.

Father Laejeunesse has had his hands right on this point for about ten years.

If you look, for example, into his The Windsor Border Region, you will find the names of those people who first took up land at La Pointe de Montréal (Sandwich); you will find out where those people came from; why they came; how much land they got; what they did with it; whether or not they stayed. You will come simultaneously to grips with stability on the part of some people, mobility on the part of others. It is not a question of which is better, stability or mobility, but of facts. Father Lajeunesse makes his enquiry only down to 1800. But the same phenomenon has gone on and on in this parish of the Assumption, and is still going on. This area of the Detroit River — either side of it — especially with the develop-

ment of the automotive industry, has been almost effervescent for three generations back. The phenomenon of mobility and change can and must be analyzed in a place like this and put to work for the betterment of mankind. When you read Father Lajeunesse's history, you will find him furnishing forth the condition of human mobility and change from the data of the local parish community.

I don't mean that only parishes provide insights into human mobility. There are other sources for this insight. I have in mind the family as a social unit. The Vanier Institute is a further manifestation of the professional's search for new areas in which to make a useful study of change as it affects man.

The second aspect of Father Lajeunesse's work on the Windsor area to which I would like to call attention is its implicit but deep and convinced acceptance of the position that the Church, including the local Church, has something unique and important to contribute to history, something not coming to history from other sources or institutions. This contribution of the Church is the awareness that God has touched and is touching history. God has revealed Himself to us in Jesus Christ and subsequently in the Church. This touch of God, known only through Christ and the Church communicates theological Hope. The Church universal and the local Church foster and cultivate the awareness that Jesus Christ has brought

Hope into history. This Hope has nothing to do with history. It is outside history. History can sometimes arouse a sort of calculated optimism, but it can never, without the intervention of Christ and the Church, produce that Hope, that Christian Hope announced in prophecy and to be fulfilled apocalyptically outside history. It is this Hope that first led men to erect the original Huron mission on this site and to worship in it. It has kept them erecting successive church buildings down to the present beautiful structure and worshipping in them. It is this Hope that has kept the People of God in dialogue with God. This Hope, transcending history even explains why we hold these bi-centennial celebrations with such profound seriousness.

Now these two points which I have dwelt upon — the new mobility of peoples (or the new assent to change) and the presence of a supra-historical apocalyptic Hope in the People of God — are vital dimensions for understanding the local parish of today and for giving some idea of the new directions in which the Old Church is moving. Here, I trust, the announced title of my address and the remarks I have been making effect some kind of conjunction.

I should like now to turn aside from past history and make this bi-centenary an occasion to point out, in the free and hopeful spirit of Vatican II, how important it is for today and tomorrow not merely that local Churches continue

their career of Hope in the circumstance of change, but that they become theologically aware both of the necessity and rightness and goodness of change within the context of faith and love. It seems to me that at this moment in the People of God, especially in these old parishes which have always furnished enterprising leadership, should still be doing so, and that their attitudes should retain something of the courage and daring of their earlier years. With this in mind, I will round out my remarks by putting before you an outline of what the Christian in the parish, and especially in this parish, with the exploring spirit ought to be today and surely will have to be tomorrow. I will do this briefly and pointedly under three headings:

the principles dominating his outlook;
the enduring notions he must cling to;
and the new directions he should be
consciously cultivating.

With regard to the first, that is, the
principles which ought to be foremost
in his awareness, they are these two:
Change and Challenge.

(1) He must accept the principle that
change (in the sense of reform or re-
newal) is absolutely essential to rel-
igion. By reform I don't mean primitiv-
ism (returning to old forms or to what
used to be) but progressivism or re-
formation (openness towards the forms
which are about to be. To quote a now
famous sentence from Cardinal Newman's
Essay on the Development of Christian

Doctrine: "In a higher world it is otherwise, but here below to live is to change, and to be perfect is to change often."

Change is a principle; as a principle it must have norms like the magisterium and history (God's Providence); but as a principle it cannot be denied.

(2) He must also, I said, accept challenge. Challenge too is a principle and a dangerous one in the child, in the ignorant, in the morally weak, in the malevolent, but a principle all the same and one employed very effectively by John Milton when he wrote in his Areopagitica: "I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and sees her adversary; one also employed by "honest Tom of Aquin"

when he opened his question on the existence of God with the statement: "It seems that there is no God", proceeding then to set forth the arguments for God's inexistence.

Next, the Christian in the parish with the exploring spirit ought to be very clear in his own mind as to what are the enduring notions which must inevitably lie at the base of Christian life and worship. These enduring notions I list for you as three and warn you that although they are immeasurably old, they are inescapably radical. They are these: First, faith in the Man-God, Redeemer; St. Augustine calls this notion "the proper element of Christianity"; it is the oldest notion in the Church or in

theology, and it imparts meaning to the corollaries that Christ is present in the Church and that the Church is Christ. Second, the notion of the dignity of man, which is constructed around the paradox that man who is nothing in comparison with God, is divinely valuable in himself. The third of these enduring notions is the primacy of conscience, and according to this, morality (the goodness or badness of actions) attaches to inwardness and intention; as St. Matthew and St. Luke suggest, the moral conscience is the inward lamp of the whole man. (Mat. 6, 22; Luke 11, 34ff)

Finally, the Christian in the parish with the exploring spirit will necessarily give himself over enthusiastically

to new trends. These new trends vary from age to age. In our age they seem to be chiefly these: (1) The theological awareness of the Church as the People of God as well as the body of Christ. This swing of emphasis from "body" to "people" parallels the shift from the nineteenth century emphasis on biology and biological evolution to anthropology and sociology in the twentieth. So today we talk of the Church as "people" whose distinguishing marks are that they are messianic, priestly, prophetic, and kingly. (2) The second new trend for our time is a new respect in the practical order for the freedom of the human person. The Church was late in confirming this principle of personal freedom, possibly because she was not sure that

mean really possessed the courage to be responsible. We are often tempted to be sympathetic towards her older attitude when we see how respect for personal freedom leads to havoc and confusion and makes life hard for the police, for heads of seminaries, for administrators of dioceses, parishes, colleges. But the trend is valid, and the exploring spirit will see what he can do with it, even though, like all explorers, he is not quite sure where it will lead.

(3) The third trend of our time is the acceptance of ecumenism as a viable principle for the living of the Christian life. (4) The fourth is the decision to recognize as useful, valid and salutary the so-called Signs of the Time (as set forth by Pope John, and many

others, especially since him) and to admit that God sometimes speaks to the Church through the world. These trends, which lend themselves to such varied and lengthy development, I will leave to your reflection.

May I close these remarks as I opened them with a salutation to Assumption Parish, oldest and dearest of our local Churches. May Christian Hope and the exploring spirit which have been the marks of its career as a mission, as a settlers' parish, as the worshipping heart of a developing centre — agricultural, academic, urban, metropolitan — remain with it as it copes with the perils of an as yet untamed, but profound and exciting aggiornamento.
(Transcribed from a copy of the speaker's typescript in the General Archives of the Basilian Fathers)

When the mortal nature puts on immortality, then the saying of Scripture will come true — "Death is swallowed up in victory. O Death, where is your victory? O Death, where is your sting? St. Paul's first letter to the Corinthians.

Joy in the Risen Christ banishes the gloom of death. Confidence in the soul's immortality fills us with hope. That the fruits of the Eucharistic sacrifice may be shared by our beloved dead — gives us courage to accept our loss.

During life, Father Sheehan was a temple of God. He was pledged to final resurrection. That is why a funeral procession is really a Victory March — a triumphant thing. That is why the liturgy uses incense, joyful psalms and blessings. Daily he ate the Bread of Eternal Life. He cannot be content with crumbs. Our prayers and especially the

Holy Sacrifice of the Eucharist may be needed to merit the full purification which will insure his resurrection into the life of glory and the Eternal Vision of God. He may cry as Job — "Have pity on me, have pity on me at least you my friends for the hand of the Lord has touched me."

Our sympathy goes especially to Father Sheehan's sisters. Their home in Cleveland fostered two vocations to the Basilians — Father Con Sheehan who died in 1939, and our beloved confrere whose requiem we intone tonight. May the memory of your parents and the home they created fill you with strength and sustain you. God bless you and them for giving us two such men.

My sympathy, too, goes to Father John Wick and the Basilians at St. Thomas High School — a light has gone out of your lives and your home. A cheerful voice has been stilled and the staff has fallen from the hand of a truly personable — balanced — courageous human being. Nine years ago, a massive heart attack shook but did not crush his great body. He knew for the last two years that his days were few but he found joy in the joy of others, and in a quiet and serene way he witnessed to the things of God. His wit was contagious and gentle. Few could slay straw men and phony attitudes or expose the flaws of hypocrisy so gracefully or so devastatingly — a gesture spoke volumes. His laughter was frequent and sympathetic.

There was something almost sacramental in the enthusiasm of his handshake and the warmth of his words of welcome.

You'll be hard put to replace hi, but you'll be judged for all eternity by the way you try.

Years ago, at Aquinas Institute in Rochester, I gave a talk to the students on some occasion or other. Next day, Bill asked me if I had a copy of it. I told him I could get one. A few days later, he told me that when the manuscript was folded — it was just the right thickness to put under his table lamp and keep it from wobbling — a few days later, I saw the point. God give us all such critics.

St. Augustine once wrote — "No matter who speaks a truth, it comes from the

Holy Spirit." Where truth is concerned — whether it be Einstein, John XXII, or William Sheehan, it rverberates and resounds across the chasm of Time to the portals of eternity. A particle of truth — like a pebble thrown in a sea makes waves that are unending.

On these simple truths rests the enduring work and inspiration of the teacher. These are his daily acts of faith and commitment — as he realizes that he launches each day in young minds some wisp of truth — some hint of reality — some inspiration that may carry a young man one day to the stars and beyond the stars to the heart of Christ. How marvelous it would be if one of his or our students was instrumental in restoring to a fretful, chaotic world a glimpe of

the real Unity of all Truth. Each morning, Father Sheehan offered the Eucharist Sacrifice for the students and heard their Confessions. While illness made it impossible for him to teach — he, in his wisdom, used the Sacraments, the divine means to reach souls.

Despite the anxiety and self-ity of this hour — for we bemoan our loss not his happiness — there is a sense of exhilaration, of expectancy as we think of Father Bill Sheehan. He manifested so well that goodness is really something simple — always to live for others — never to seek one's own advantage. He never wasted his energies on the pursuit of happiness. He quit running, and like Francis Thompson, let the Hound of Heaven overtake him. He found it in the friendly

greeting of a brother priest or a student or a friend. He found happiness — yes, he found God not in agonized hours of grasping for self-fulfillment, but simply in his service for others. As with all really great souls — the shadows fell behind him because he was waling towards the Light — towards God. He knew one consuming joy — love of his brothers, and he was not seduced by puny pleasures.

I mentioned a moment ago — a sense of exhilaration. This may be a most fateful hour for us Basilians as we regoup in solemn dedication of our lives and our talents to Jesus Christ with the realization that we have known, have loved and have given up a truly great Religious.

As with most of us, whatever Bill Sheehan had and was came from the Basilian Fathers. We may admire the total dedication of his work at Rochester as Treasurer when we took over Aquinas Institute in 1937. We may recall the unlimited physical slavery of running a complex plant. We must cherish the memory of his example, and we must realize, too, that the full flowering of our priestly vocation today finds us facing different problems. Routine must give way to inspiration. The witness to truth calls for more study and penetration, and yet, the means are constant. Each morning — the Chalice of self he filled at the altar and the Blood of Christ he carried to those he served. And evening found him tired, exhausted,

but at peace. And he found solace in community, as much as any man I've known. He created community by sharing, by giving, not by demanding, not by whimpering! He knew that love is a well which we can drink only as much as we put in, and that the stars that shine from it are only our eyes looking wistfully in.

As Religious, we know that renewal is called for, and we know that mere superficial change can only distort, confuse and be an enemy of true renewal. We must have both memory and prophecy. If we see only what is around us, we have missed our roots and our destiny.

Finally, for us Basilians, this must be a thoughtful 1967 — three of our out-

standing men in Houston have died. Each died in a different way — John Sheehy suffered for ten months — Leslie Vasek's death's passion lasted ten hours, and William Sheehan's lasted ten seconds. In each case a human life reached its flaming climax and fluttered out. Our lesson is clear — whether we be asked to endure the desolation of long months of suffering, or of hours or of moments, we must be ready. Death comes without herald on its last fatal, triumphant charge.

May the angesl lead him into paradise; may the martyrs receive him at his coming, and lead him to the holy city Jerusalem. May the choir of angels receive him and with Lazarus who once

was poor, may he have everlasting rest.

May his great soul rest in Peace —

Thanks to God for giving him to us.

(Funeral sermon for Father William A. Sheehan, preached by Father John F. Murphy in St. Anne's Church, Houston, on Monday evening, November 13, 1967. Transcribed from a dittoed copy in the general archives of the Basilian Fathers)

Gospel of the Mass, Matt. 25, 31-40

In choosing this particular passage of Sacred Scripture for our second reading, I had in mind a question which I have often pondered — What makes a Christian? Baptism — Yes; a coluntary and conscious commitment to the teaching and example of the Lord Jesus — Yes. But there seems to be much more than this. Haunting the recesses of my mind, I repeatedly hear the words, "By their fruits you shall know them", and, "Does a man gather grapes off thorns, or figs off thistles — by their fruits you shall know them."

And my mind wanders to memories of passages learned during my school days — the action of God's Holy Spirit in the

soul produces the fruits of charity, joy, peace, patience, long-suffering, mildness, modesty, continency, chastity. And I say to myself that surely when I find these in a man, I have found a Christian. And then I hesitate — there must be more, for the most fundamental teaching of the Master, Jesus Christ, is a doctrine of love — that we love our God with our whole heart, and soul, and mind, and strength; and that we love our neighbour as ourselves. And now I am more satisfied, for I know that a Christian must be an out-going person, expressing his interior faith and the activity of the Holy Spirit by the openness of his love.

The Gospel passages describes such a man:

"When did I see you hungry and give you food; when did I see you thirsty and give you drink; or when were you naked and I clothed you; sick or imprisoned and I visited you. — As long as you did it to my least brethren, you did it to Me." This is my picture of a Christian man or woman. How much more so must it be a picture of the Christian man who is taken from among men, to carry forever the seal and consecration of Christ's priesthood.

How many times in our lives do we stop to assess ourselves, to evaluate our progress, to determine our goals, and to re-direct our steps to achieve these goals? It can happen many times; as our judgment changes regarding the importance

of certain goals we have set for ourselves. And so it did happen in the life of James Murphy, who changed direction at a comparatively late age in life, and having assessed the importance of his life and work in the light of his Christian teaching and up-bringing, made the decision of total dedication, total commitment, to a life patterned on the model of the Divine Master. In the year 1936, at the age of 48, James Murphy became Father James Murphy, the priest, the man of God, the labourer in the vineyard, the fisher of men. And that decision made — it never faltered. Here was a truly stalwart man; a man with his eyes and mind fixed in heaven, and his feet firmly planted on the earth — nor dreamer, no idler, but a man driven

by seemingly inexhaustible energy to be another Christ, leading the People of God into the arms of our Heavenly Father, by whatever forces nature and grace could muster. He had learned his lessons well! Christ was a gentle man — Father Murphy was gentle. Christ could choose to be forceful, biting, harsh, when it was necessary to open the eyes of those who were spiritually blind — and how many souls were brought back to the Christian fold by the bluntness and the sting of Father Murphy's words, when other methods proved fruitless.

Christ was kind, considerate, thoughtful, compassionate; how well we know the extent to which these qualities were mirrored in the priestly life of Father

Murphy. Christ moved easily in a gay celebration, he could also shed tears of mourning and sympathy with a family who had lost a dear one. Father Murphy's spontaneous humour and ready wit made him a most enjoyable companion at home or in any social gathering — but he was also most sensitive and sympathetic to the troubles, hardships, and sadness that he found in his labours among the People of God.

And where was Christ usually found? Among the poor, the sick, the down-trodden, the cast-offs of society. Another Christ has walked the streets of our community. The poor knew him well and received his ministrations gratefully, recognizing in him one of them-

selves. For Father Murphy was a poor man. He lived his Vow of Poverty, as he felt Christ would want him to live it. His material possessions were most sparse. His clothing — I say it with a smile — it caused me vexation at times when it was all I could do to get him to buy a new suit or coat. Whenever some kindly or grateful person gave him a sum of money with, "Use it yourself, Father", he never failed first to request permission for its use — and then it was gone, not for himself, but to some needy person or family. He loved the poor!

But surely though, his best-known consideration was for the sick, the aged, and the suffering. For how many years

now has his step echoed along the corridors of our hospital, day after day. The cheery voice, the encouraging word, the priestly care, have brought solace and contentment to the sick and dying. I wonder how many of those he greeted, man, woman, child — Catholic, Protestant, Jew — knew that many times he was sicker than they were. But there was never a complaint, never a murmur, never an impatient word dropped — only a driving urge to bring Christ to those who needed Him. Father Murphy had made his choice — to follow Christ — and Christ had said, "If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow Me." His Irish determination, bolstered and strengthened by zeal and charity, would not let him

stop. He was truly a Christopher, a Christ-bearer. How well it could be said of him (for he would never say it himself), "I live, now not I, but Christ liveth in me."

I want to read for you the words of another great man of God: "I think the Lord Jesus has in store for me, before I die, for my complete mortification and purification, and in order to admit me to his everlasting joy, some great suffering and affliction of body and spirit. Well I accept everything with all my heart, if it is for his glory and the good of my soul, and for the souls of my spiritual children. I fear my weakness in bearing pain; I implore Him to help me, for I have little faith

in myself, but complete faith in the Lord Jesus." Those words are from the personal diary of our late and beloved and revered Pope John XXIII, as recorded in his book, "Journal of a soul."

I was struck most forcefully when I first read them because they are almost an exact paraphrase of words which Father Murphy spoke to me about two years ago as he could see his health failing. I think he knew then that God had elected to give him a great cross, and he accepted it willingly, carrying it to his death, as Christ did.

For us the clock ticks on, but for Father Murphy time has stopped, and eternity has begun. As in life he followed the Master faithfully, so he did in death,

and now he has gone to his resurrection. Those of us who knew him well can rightly share with his family and relatives the sadness and sorrow of parting. We can shed honest tears for the loss of a true friend whom we will see no more. But we can also share in the triumph of the Church of God, in the joy of assured salvation that Paul's message brings to us, in the convication of everlasting bliss that St. John speaks of in his Revelation: "And God will wipe away every tear from their eyes. And death shall be no more; neither shall there be mourning, nor crying, nor pain any more. For the former things have passed away."

Today we commend the soul of Father James Murphy to God Our Father, with the assurance that this saintly man, this Christ-

bearer, has earned his eternal beatitude. And we place on his lips at this parting, the words of the Apostle Paul:

"I have fought the good fight, I have finished the course, I have kept the faith. For the rest, there is laid up for me a crown of justice which the Lord the just Judge will give to me in that day; yet not to me only, but also to all those who love his coming."

Farewell, Father Murphy, the just Judge will certainly receive you with the words: "Come blessed of my Father — for as often as you did it to the least of these, my little ones, you did it to Me."

(Sermon preached by Father Clifford Crowley at the funeral of Father James Murphy in St. Mary's Church, Owen Sound, November 25, 1967. Transcribed from the preacher's manuscript.)

One would have to be devoid of all feeling not to be touched at this greeting but I am fully aware that it is elicited by the College itself rather than by me personally, though I have been around here long enough to be an image as you say of something or other in our history.

I thank Don McDonald for presiding over the preparations, Father John Kelly, C.S.B., for his official and personal backing of the idea, and Jerry Finnigan for sparking the whole project of a ceremonial banquet.

The list of prominent graduates who have teamed up to introduce me by eloquent and moving speeches reminds me of the Arts Banquet in April 1940. The guest speaker on that occasion was Hon.

John Hearne, the first Ambassador of Ireland to Canada. He was proud to come; but after listening to the powerful speeches of President Cody, and Arthur Maloney, the student chairman, who orated several times introducing his guests, John Hearne was not so glad he came. "Ladies and gentlemen", he said, "I have begun to realize that I have come to an oratorical contest."

My special thanks I offer to these speakers who have set the oratorical pace for me. It is an unexpected pleasure to see Vernon Bourke of St. Louis here, and to hear him. Few of our graduates are so widely and favorably known by published works, and by articles in learned reviews. He is one

of our really good representatives in the world of scholarship. Of Bill Bennett I can say, as I can say of Larry Lynch and Gerry McGoey, that they are men who graduated from St. Michael's but never left. Bennett has returned frequently and has done his Alma Mater a distinguished service by organizing and chairing the annual Michaelmas Conference. Larry Lynch I remember first as our scintillating quarterback on the high school team years ago. He has been quarterbacking many projects ever since especially as head of the department of philosophy in the College for the past ten years. John Griffin has been on numerous committees when work was to be done, and last but not least Paul Martin, happily

and unexpectedly, is here to recall the rehearsal of his great political career which was staged in the Student's Parliament in these halls nearly thirty years ago.

I recognize at the head table also graduates of an earlier vintage than my period as president. I see the Hon. C.P. McTague, and the Hon. Arthur Kelly. If a contest were held to determine who is Mr. St. Michael, it would be a race between these two. And may I say with reference to the women graduates here present, if a similar contest for Miss St. Michael were held, it would be even harder to decide. Some of the women contestants are great in their own right. One is a historian, another a college professor, for instance. Others of them

have conferred greatness on husbands.

I need not name these. They are too numerous. Still others have conferred one or even two sons on the Basilian Fathers or daughters to our Sisterhoods. It would indeed be a hard matter to determine who is Miss St. Michael.

I recognize also students of the later thirties. I see Marty Lamb of Detroit and Ed Crawford of Oswego. The latter is an elected representative in the State Legislature in Albany. I can testify that he is on the job too, because I was in Albany once and found him there. I see also George Delhomme of New York, formerly of Houston, Bill Shea of Sudbury, Father Clem Crusoe of the Jesuit Fathers. Gerry Horgan of

Toronto, Pat Flynn of Galt, and I stop because of the sheer impossibility of naming them all. But I may not overlook Vincent McEnaney. I recall the magnificent job he did as secretary of the House Committee in organizing the surprise birthday party for Warden Bickersteth at Hart House. Nor may I overlook Mike Piehler of Rochester whom the Communists chased across the park on May Day 1936. Mike gave me a ride in his private plane to Toronto on St. Basil's Day last, but we got lost in the fog and had to return to Rochester. But I really must stop, not however without naming two mayors among our old boys, Mayor Bill O'Brien of Victor, New York, and Mayor Pat Flynn of Pontiac, Michigan. It is a great joy to see them here.

As you have seen St. Michael's sweep forward to its graduating class of this year of 1966, you may have wondered why the College was so hesitant in the past about exploiting its own intellectual and social resources. You know that we did not become fully co-educational until fifteen years ago. Men and women in the same class! "Infandum, infandum" as Virgil made Aeneas say of his own disastrous part in the fall of Troy. There was, of course, the original difficulty of bigamy of St. Michael, who had two wives, one Josephine and the other Loretto (which is of course a parable). Then there was Newman Club too as natural ground. Many will recall how Father Bellisle poked fun at

the tea dances, with emphasis on the tea. All that looks ante-deluvian now — it was indeed ante-deluvian then.

I should like however to place the whole problem in wider context. The hesitancy to take these perfectly natural steps grew out of a hesitancy about education itself. It is difficult to appreciate the Catholic distrust of university or even public education at any level at the beginning of this century. When Father Henry Carr came to the staff of St. Michael's as a young priest in 1906 there were only 25 non-resident students at the College, most in high school. There were, of course, boarders in numbers who were from Syracuse, from New England, and from Sacanton, Father

John Kelly's home-town, or city I should admit. These were the backbone of the College in those days and for years afterwards.

There was in fact little contact between Toronto and St. Michael's at that time. Catholics were simply not interested in education, except for the priesthood. It was for this purpose the American boys came. There was, as I said, a distrust of public education, derived from our French and Irish forebearers.

Father Carr made first contact with our city neighbors in athletics, then by adopting the Ontario matriculation system; and finally, by making St. Michael's and Arts College in the University of Toronto.

This gradual approach shows how St. Michael's could not be expected to go too far forward at a single step. It dared not risk being in advance of Catholic opinion. The segregation of the sexes was deeply ingrained in Catholic educational practice, such as it was, and the College id not dare to ignore it, whilst taking the unprecedented step of joining a state university to the surrender of its own independence. One citadel at a time. We had to get off the ground before we could fly.

A symbol of the situation is found in the graduates of 1910 — the first class with degrees. There were five of them. It was perhaps the greatest day in the

history of St. Michael's College. The five graduates were brought to the head table in the dining room, and ate with the staff. After dinner the pastor, Father M.V. Kelly of St. Basil's, himself a graduate of 1887, asked them to his office, to which he also invited Fathers Carr and Meader, the only other B.A.'s in the house. He was in this way setting the stage for a significant announcement. "Gentlemen", he said, "there are more University of Toronto Catholic graduates in this office now, eight, than the total number of Catholic graduates from the beginning of the University seventy years ago until the present year."

Now you have come here tonight to honor

me in my priesthood. Permit me, my dear lay graduates, to spend a few minutes honoring you in your own priesthood. You have come here because you love St. Michael's College, and it is proper that you should love it for you have created it. If it is to live on, you will have to sustain it. If it is to grow, you will be the ones to amplify it. You will do it through your priesthood.

St. Michael's is a Christian bridgehead in the secular city. It will always have an identity of its own, though it will share its spiritual wealth with all.

In your role as alter Christus by baptism and confirmation, you share in the kingship, the prophetship, and the priesthood of Christ.

By your leadership in your family, social and professional life which you will achieve on Christian principles, you will build up the body of Christ in the secular city. This will be to exercise your kingship.

By your wisdom you will find new ideas and make new plans, and open up new vistas. You will be in this way a prophet. Yet you will often be thwarted and even persecuted. "A prophet is without honor". But you are revolutionary, not a rebel. You may confront authority, but you will not despise it. And why? Because the priesthood in you is the role of bridge-builder, and healer. You will plead patiently for renewal.

Thus you will exercise the three powers of your own priesthood. As to the ministerial priesthood, which you are good enough to honor in me tonight, that is different in kind, not merely in degree. This is simple Catholic doctrine.

The question of interest in the present context is whether the ministerial priest as such has an essential role in Christian education — let us say university education. As you see in St. Michael's College more and more the laity are playing a significant part. That is proper. That is an exercise of their priesthood. Will the day come when there will be no ministerial priests in this field of education? I do not think so. I think that the role of the

priest, though far less extensive, far less dominating, is irreplaceable.

Let me give you the example of Father J.R. Teefy. Also the example of Father Henry Carr. Without both of these men university federation at Toronto would never have got off the ground and could accordingly never have been carried elsewhere. Without Father Carr the walls of Jericho would never have fallen at Vancouver as they fell when he all but literally stormed his way to a place on the staff. You may say that this is an extrinsic, and not an intrinsic role of the priest. It was, you may say, a kind of accident that these men were priests. But the more perfect dedication of the priest will always make him a more perfect image of

the Church in the academic life of the secular city. When he wins a point, when he establishes a principle, it is more emphatically the Church which does it. He achieves something in such cases for the Church. He will not be needed at all times but I doubt if the day will ever come when he will not sometimes be indispensable, even in what is called Academia.

(Talk given by Father E.J. McCorkell at a dinner tendered him by graduates of St. Michael's College on the occasion of the golden jubilee of his priestly ordination, June 18, 1966. Transcribed from a copy in the General Archives of the Basilian Fathers)

Bishop Nold, Bishop Morkovsky, and all gathered here together, servants of God. In his "pocalypse, St. John gives us a pciture and the words of an unending song: "To Him who sits upon the throne, and to the Lamb, blessing and honor and glory and dominion, forever and ever."

The hand of the Lord sometimes seems heavy, and when we stand before an open casket, gazing upon eyes that will never again look upon this world; at lips that will never again utter the words of consecration — or absolution — teach a class — utter a laugh, a word of encouragement, of help or correction, we might be inclined to murmur: "Lord, to what waste, to what purpose?" But we would be far, far wrong, for it is only

in the enigma of death that life meets its purpose, God's love called us into being that we might commune with Him, and it continues to call us so that with our entire being we might be joined to Him in an endless sharing of divine life. Man cannot live a full life unless he recognizes this truth and directs himself to his Creator. It is faith that provides the answer to life; it is faith that arouses the hope that those taken from us have found true life with God,

In that part of Father Sullivan's life which is subject to our gaze we can find this continual calling. He was called into being a short 49 years ago; then to Baptism, Confirmation; he answered the call to religious life, took his

vows; accepted the call to Holy Orders in 1947; and then the call of his Community to devote his life to the study and teaching of Philosophy. Equipped with his Doctorate from the University of Toronto, and Licentiate in Mediaeval Studies from the Pontifical Institute of Mediaeval Studies, he came to the University of St. Thomas in September 1951. He began his work with that fierce intensity, almost of an Apostle, of a priest who is sure of his vocation and apostolate. For to Father Sullivan, the intellectual apostolate, the awakening of men's minds to the truth, and what could be done here at St. Thomas, were seen to be the most important apostolate in the world. He had been called by his Community, by God, to this work. To it he gave himself without

stint, without reserve. He was a priest; and he knew it well. What his influence was on the spiritual lives of those with whom he came in contact, only God can tell. But there was no dichotomy in his life: whether it was to the service of the altar he was summoned, or to the service of his students in the classroom, or to the service of others in varying associations, they were all of a-piece to him. His life was the service of truth and Truth itself.

Father Sullivan knew he had talents; but he also knew that he could dissipate his energies in the pursuit of all of them. So he said "NO" both to himself and others when some activity would take him beyond the bounds of his apostolate.

It was this same zeal for truth that moved him, not merely to read, but, for instance, a few years ago, to go to the Museum and take up painting. For how else could he understand his own course in the Philosophy of Art?

He sought truth wherever it could be found: in books, in the minds of men, in nature itself. How often did not his imple, "H'lllo Cat", stir up the realization of the divine plan? He was sympathetic, even when he disagreed radically; he sought to understand, not merely what was said, but why it was said. It was this that caused him to be elected President of a Southwestern Philosophical Association; it was this that made his classes explosive, perhaps

sometimes baffling, but always an experience; it was this that gave him a tremendous gentleness and respect towards those who had already proven their worth by years of service. It was this sympathy and understanding that lit fires in young hearts and gave him the greatest joy and delight in the intellectual achievements of his students. Many a night we spent hours over coffee cups at the kitchen table, reminiscing of the insights, the sudden visions, the awakening of young minds.

For a little while God let us share one of his gifts. We have lost from this mortal world a teacher, a friend, a member of the family. To all these our prayers and sympathies go out. Perhaps

we must say with Job: "The Lord gives, the Lord takes away; Blessed be the name of the Lord." But faith strikes still deeper. When the Bishop and priests return to the altar, as the Canon of the Mass will point out, in the Eucharistic sacrifice we are most closely united with those who have been taken from us, whether they are in heavenly glory or are still being purified. For as we come together to celebrate the praise of the Divine Majesty, it is in union with and in memory of those who have gone before us. All those from any tribe and tongue and people and nation who have been redeemed by the Blood of Christ and gathered together into one Church, with one song of praise

magnify the one and triune God. Here we respond to the deepest vocation of the Church and partake in a foretaste of the liturgy of consummate glory, when with one voice we shall proclaim: "To Him who sits upon the throne, and to the Lamb, blessing and honor and glory and dominion, forever and ever."

(Sermon preached by Father Alfred Caird at the funeral of Father Edward John Sullivan in St. Anne's Church, Houston, Wednesday, November 22, 1967. Transcribed from a copy of the preacher's manuscript in the general archives of the Basilian Fathers)

Right Rev. Monsignor, Very Rev. and
Rev. Fathers, my Dear Brethren.

"They that are learned shall shine as
the brightness of the firmament and they
that instruct many unto justice as stars
for all eternity."

Animated by the spirit of Catholic Faith
we have gathered around the altar of God
to offer the last solemn tribute of
praise to the memory of the Very Rev.
John Read Teefty; we have come to offer
up the great suffrages of Holy Church
for the repose of his soul and also to
draw fro ourselves some salutary lessons
of spiritual thought from the mournful
circumstances that have called us to-
gether. We lament the loss of no ordin-
ary priest in the saintly dead before
us. In him the Church of Ontario has
lost one of her brightest children and
the country one of her most dinstin-
guised sons.

Belonging to the religious community of St. Basil's, that have been so closely identified with the spiritual and educational interests of this Province, he entered at an early age upon a career of educational usefulness that has seldom been rivalled. He has been called to the highest offices in the gift of his community. Professor of languages and of mathematics he was finally elected superior of St. Michael's college in 1889. Thence the college grew, not only in the magnificent physical proportions that attract the eye, but also in moral and intellectual standards which it has never relinquished. Two years ago, as Vice Provincial Superior of St. Basil's community he represented that order in the first national council of Quebec.

In that position he elicited the unqualified approval and admiration of the hierarchy of Canada by his studious thought of intricate questions, by his unfailing courtesy and dignity and energetic industry in the work of the committees. The Rev. Dr. Teeffy occupied a unique position in the educational life of the Province. He was successively Principal of High schools, then Rector of a Catholic college, a member of the Senate of Toronto University, President of the Literary Society, and finally was nominated by the government of his native Province to serve as a member on the Board of Governors.

One of the first to perceive the magnificent possibilities of university affiliation, he insisted on it in season and

out of season, convinced that the basic character in the education of every Catholic layman as well, indeed, as of every Catholic priest, ought to be supplied by the University course which represented not only the world of received culture but also the national life of the country.

A polished and dogmatic pulpit orator, scarcely without a peer, he gave to the word of God a style of thought and a polish that was always acceptable not only to the multitudes of believers but also to those who were outside the pale of all creeds.

But, my brethren, the Angel of Death has called and the priest with the massive intellect and the heart of a child

lies before us. The hands so often raised to bless are now closed in the last clasp across the Sacred Vestments. The rostrum of the teacher is draped in sombre black. Words of wisdom and instruction will never fall again from his lips. The voice of the orator is mute, and, as in the old story, the instrument was shattered after its last because its sweetest symphony was evoked, so the symphony of his life which has given strength and comfort to so many is disrupted by the fell hand of Death. "Dust thou art and into dust thou shalt return." (Gen. III, 19).

Living as we are, my brethren, at a time when the spirit of modern thought has conjured up again the errors of the past, we find ourselves confronted by old

heresies in modern garb. Death with them, as with the Epicureans, is the end of all. The soul as with Cicero and Seneca is but a flame, a breath, a vapor that grows weak and cold with advancing years and finally recedes into the body or is extinguished by disease. Again we are told that life is but as the phosphorescence that appears on the water when the ship strikes the wave and which disappears again in the blackness of the night. Such is not the teaching of true science approved by the Catholic Church. The thought of man is universal and immaterial. It is no secretion of a material brain. Consequently it is indivisible and spiritual and must of necessity proceed, for like causes have like effects, from an

immaterial and therefore an immortal substance. That substance is the soul which, as the Church teaches, is the form of the body as defined in the Council of Vienne 1312. After death the soul does not cease to have a distinct existence nor is it absorbed into the universe as false philosophy teaches, but, in accordance with the justice of God, it passes into an eternity of happiness or sorrow in proportion to the merits or demerits of this life. This immortality, my brethren, was also a special preternatural prerogative of the body before the fall of man, which should likewise be enjoyed by his posterity if Adam had remained faithful to God. In an evil hour our first parents rebelled against God. The "Non serviam" of the agnells was repeated in the earthly

paradise and by one fell blow the beautiful statue of human integrity and immortality, reared by Almighty hands, was rudely shattered by sin and trial, temptation, affliction and death became henceforth the unwilling hand maids of the human race. "By one man sin came into the world and by sin, death, and so death has passed upon all men in whom all have sinned."

The race went forth from the plains of the Euphrates into all parts of the earth. They built themselves cities and kingdoms and empires that still exist on the pages of history.

Civilization and its accompaniments of culture and refinements, music, poetry, painting and architecture sprang up.

Intoxicated with the orgies of their own power and glory the sons of men forgot God, but the hand writing was always on the wall. Into every movement of life Death came like a giant spectre to remind the children of Adam of the primeval curse. "All flesh is as grass and the glory thereof as the flowers of the field, the grass is withered and the flower has fallen, for the Spirit of God has blown upon it." (Is. 40, 6)

This inexorable decree of God's justice was as universal as the extent of the race. "We all die, and like waters that return no more we fall down into the earth." (2 Kings 14, 14) All were included; none were excepted. The ruthless law touches all manners and conditions

of men. "Pallida mors aequo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas regum turses." Pale Death knocks equally for admittance at the hovels of the poor and the palaces of the kings. There is no mercy, nor love, nor partiality in the law of Death for Death is the reckless angel of God's justice. But, my dear brethren, death is not the end of all. Although the poet would say that

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pride,
And all that beauty, all that wealth we
gave,

Alike awaits the inevitable hour,
The pathos of glory lead but to the grave."

Yet we know from faith that there is another life, where the souls live on in one endless eternity. "What is death? What seems so is transition. This life of mortal breath is but the suburb of a life Elysian whose portals we call Death".

Beyond the grave there is another life for the soul, a life of endless misery or a life of eternal happiness. Beyond the grave there is the reality of Resurrection, for the same God who has pronounced the decree of death and resurrection has also promised that as "by one man came death so by a man comes the Resurrection of the Dead." (1 Cor. 15, 21)

Hence it is that the Catholic Church has ever insisted on prayers for her dead children. Acting on the dogmas of the Communion of Saints She teaches that the prayers and good works of the living are advantageous to those who die in the Lord. Others may forget the absent ones, for it is unfortunately characteristic of human nature to re-

member only those who are present, but mother Church, the Spouse of Jesus Christ, will never forget her children.

"The dearest friends will pass away
And leave the clay to keep the clay,
Ever and ever she will stay, Miserere
Domine".

Yes, my brethren, we have come here to-day to offer up the great prayer of the Church, the august sacrifice of the Mass, for the repose of the soul of the good priest who is gone. We all need the mercy of God. The greater is the intellect, the higher and nobler are the faculties, the more eminent are the responsibilities of men in the Church as well as in the State the more severe will be the judgment of God. For "of him that hath much, much^{er} all also be required."

Therefore while we lament the departure of this great man out of our life and revere the memory of the good and great things he did for God and for His Church, yet we must not forget that the grandest manifestation of love which we can give him now that he is cold in death is the sweet gift of our prayers and good works.

May the giant intellect of the noble man, and the big heart of the good priest find eternal rest in the bosom of the great High Priest Our Lord Jesus Christ.

(Transcribed from a newspaper clipping in the Teehy Family, furnished by Father Matthew Mulcahy. Sermon was preached in St. Basil's Church, Toronto.)



